

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 9, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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Cover: Colorado winter ▶

The gaily dressed skiers descending at Winter Park lead the "Rush to the Rockies" in Colorado's centennial year. For more color of the winter wonderland, turn to page 14.

Photograph by Richard Meek

Next week



▶ The winningest jockey of all time (and one of the oldest still riding) is Johnny Longden. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED pays him a visit at Santa Anita and recounts some of his exploits.

▶ One of the world's finest auto racing courses is being completed at Daytona Beach, Fla., for the annual Speed Week. A Preview, with a detailed diagram of the course.

▶ Beginning the fabulous life and times of Poshall Keene, "the last sportsman," who flourished in the grand manner many years ago during America's tax-free Gilded Age.

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Men are slaves to
Spiced Swedish
Meat Balls

WHEN IT comes to making hors d'oeuvres, only a true-blue know-nothing would boggle at awarding the Swedes First Prize.

We have imported many of their appetizing little masterpieces for your enjoyment.

Today, we deal happily with Spiced Swedish Meat Balls. Moist, tender morsels so consummately seasoned as to make each bite a promise and a fulfillment.

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P.S. This is one of 60 nice foods, packed from the four corners of the world. If your department stores or fine food shops don't carry it yet, write us today for that reason too.

GENERAL FOODS



GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

MEMO from the publisher



HURDLER GARY



HURDLER JOHNSON

IN our May 12 issue the candid camera caught Los Angeles' French consul general in action at UCLA's track. He is understandably modest about his hurdling prowess, but his other talents speak for themselves. A wartime hero of France's air force, a veteran of her diplomatic service, the author of the prize-winning novel, *The Roots of Heaven*, Romain Gary is also a sportsman—of humor, verve and conviction.

Last month in Los Angeles more than 500 people attended a dinner for Sportsman of the Year Rafer Johnson. Following Johnson's acceptance of the award from Managing Editor Sidney L. James, Gary spoke.

"The best I could say," he said, "about what sport can achieve in the field of international relationships Mr. Johnson has already done. We in France have watched him with the greatest of admiration and respect. It is the performance of what we call in French *sapport-honneur*. The best equivalent in English, I suppose, is

brotherhood, which is perhaps what our time needs more than anything. I took great pride in Mr. Johnson's achievement, though I am a Frenchman. What I admire so much is the way it was done and the way the Russians applauded and acclaimed him."

Mr. Gary then pointed out that this brought a most welcome light into our world at a time when there is a different kind of competition among people trying to "get there first."

"You know where," he continued good-humoredly. "It is the moon or the sun. I don't know which any longer. But it's up there somewhere. Such competition can lead us all up there very quickly. I must say I prefer the competition in which Mr. Johnson has shown himself such a master. And today as Sportsman of the Year he shares an honor with the President of the French Republic, who has been named by *TIME* Magazine as the Man of the Year—in a field which also is not lacking in hurdles."

Harry Phillips

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PHILCO

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

Baron Adolph Rupp, who modestly admits that he wants to be remembered as the greatest basketball coach who ever lived, had his cake (see right) and ate it, too, after Kentucky whopped Georgia 108-53 for Rupp's 600th victory in his 29 years at Lexington. The once-beaten Wildcats, running, screening and defending like so many cats on a hot tin roof, warmed up for the milestone by polishing off Georgia Tech 94-70 and then, once past it, added more icing to the Baron's hunk of pastry by skipping blithely past Florida 94-51 for their 17th win. While some may dispute Rupp's standing as the best ever, one thing was sure: it would take a lot to beat his talented Wildcats, even in the rough-and-tumble SEC. Observed Auburn Coach Joel Eaves after watching the Georgia Tech game: "Kentucky is the only team in the nation you have to use a fast-break defense against."

But Auburn and Mississippi State, both of which must still face Kentucky, weren't conceding a thing. Auburn had some anxious moments when Vanderbilt made a good-sized run at the Tigers in the final minutes. However, Henry Hart came to the rescue with four straight points and the SEC leaders won 64-61 for their 25th straight. Memphis State's Jim Hockaday held Mississippi State's Bailey Howell to two field goals and 10 points, and the Maroons barely survived 53-52 in a nonconference tussle. But both State and Howell, who scored 30 points, recovered neatly to put down LSU 78-71.

North Carolina and North Carolina State, the best in the ACC, spent a pleasant weekend in Charlotte, N.C. after two weeks of exam-fighting in the classrooms. North Carolina rolled over Clemson 69-46 and State beat South Carolina 63-53 on Friday, then traded opponents for a Saturday double-header. The result was just about the same, as the Tar Heels made the most of their height and bustle to defeat South Carolina 62-50 while the Wolfpack outclassed Clemson 69-54.

West Virginia, sporting a new four-man zone press defense with a chaser and its usual elusive Jerry West, harried George Washington almost to death before winning 77-67 and then beat William and Mary 82-76 for its 44th in a row in the Southern Conference.

THE MIDWEST

The ball was bouncing in all directions for Illinois and Michigan in the Big Ten, but Michigan State found a way to defense Joe Ruklick's looping hook shots

after a rough first half and eventually killed off pretender Northwestern 81-72 to grab a firm hold on first place.

Illinois, with visions of joining the Spartans at the top, faltered badly to lose to Minnesota 81-70 and Purdue 102-81, while Iowa did in hopeful Michigan 78-74. But Indiana, despite a severe blow when veteran Bob Wilkinson was declared ineligible, and Purdue, seemingly over its early jitters now that Harvey Austin and Bill Greeve have shaken off injuries, were still very much alive.

Cincinnati, with Oscar Robertson his usual magnificent self, remained in command in the Missouri Valley. However, the Bearcats were busy peering over their shoulders at second-place Bradley and St. Louis. Bradley defeated Detroit 77-63 and Toledo 68-55 in nonleague games and then outthrust Tulsa 86-72. St. Louis, first stop for touring St. John's, beat the unsuspecting Redmen 72-63.



KENTUCKY CUTUP Adolph Rupp takes the cake for his 600th win and slices it as Guard Benny Coffman gets in his lick.

with Bob Ferry's rebounding and an octopus defense, later turned on Houston 71-47 for its 11th straight. St. John's had even more reason to wonder why Indians leave home after bowing to so-so Loyals of Chicago 95-85 in overtime.

Kansas State routed Iowa State 78-55 to continue as top dog in the Big Eight as Colorado bumped Kansas 65-54 to take over second place. Marquette came back from a layoff to beat Louisville 66-62 for its 12th in a row; Evansville ended Steubenville's 36-game winning streak 103-84.

THE EAST

While St. John's was sadly learning the facts of life in the Midwest (see left), some of its eastern neighbors were making time at home. St. Bonaventure, beaten only once, overhauled Adlanova 82-76; NYU, bolstered by the playmaking of newly eligible Stan Groll, surpassed Holy Cross 64-62; Fordham overwhelmed Wagner 93-67 and Seton Hall 83-69; Navy conquered Columbia 67-54 and Temple 66-53; Army beat Albright 60-42 and Colgate 101-89; Connecticut's Yankee Conference leaders defeated Maine 72-61.

The Ivy League got back into motion, and Dartmouth quickly moved up to share the lead with Princeton. After skimming past independent Boston U. 64-62, the Indians went for bigger game and trapped Brown 71-59, as Captain Rudy La Russo scored 28 points and dominated the boards. Meanwhile, Princeton contented itself with whipping Rutgers 75-48 in a nonleague game.

THE WEST

The PCC dribbled along at low speed with idle UCLA precariously hanging on to first place. Washington, on the rise after a poor start, manhandled Stanford 72-52, while the Indians and Oregon State took turns beating Oregon. Stanford lounded the Ducks 57-49; State used the last of Lee Harman's 25 points—a free throw—to win 58-57.

Denver, surprisingly enough, found itself all alone hard on the heels of Utah in the Skyline Conference. Beaten only by the Utes, Denver drubbed New Mexico 97-66, and Brigham Young shoved Utah State down a notch, 77-54.

Idaho State, all but decimated by Education 77 (see page 22), dropped a bit in losing to Oklahoma City 58-51, but proved it could still field a team with Rocky Mountain permanent fever. ISU twice topped Idaho State, 113-69 and 99-37, and prepared to head off runner-up Colorado State as the glow returned to the eyes of the lately crestfallen Bengal bucciers.

THE SOUTHWEST

Fresh from victories over Idaho State and Regis, Oklahoma City invited unsurprising Florida State to help celebrate the opening of its spanking-new field house, then demonstrated that hospitality ends at the door. The fancy-shooting Chiefs streaked up and down court, wound up scaling the Seminoles 103-75 for their 15th triumph.

SWC-leader TCU put down SMU 72-50, only to find Baylor and Texas Tech breathing down its neck. The Bears continued to prowl upward in the conference standings, drawing Arkansas out of a tight zone with a semistall to beat the Razorbacks 63-58; Tech parlayed some good outside shooting and an aggressive defense into a 57-46 win over slipping Texas A&M.

★ ST. LOUIS

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World Record
Triple Sweep
proves that
nothing outlasts,
nothing outruns,
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MERCURY
OUTBOARDS



FIRST PLACE

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Should boatmen have licenses to navigate, as motorists have licenses to drive?*



GOVERNOR ALBERT D. ROSELLINI
Olympia, Wash.

Licensing could be a partial answer. I personally feel that anyone operating a motorboat carrying a lot of power should be subject to more regulations than we presently have. There's a definite responsibility attached to boating.



FRANK W. NORRIS
*Chairman of the Board
Barnett Natl. Bank
Jacksonville, Fla.*

Certainly. The authorities would never permit a man to drive a car without an appropriate test for a license, but they allow anyone to operate a boat without such a test, and a boat can be as hazardous as an automobile.



VICE-ADMIRAL ALFRED RICHMOND
*Commandant
U.S. Coast Guard
Washington, D.C.*

No, because boating is not like driving. Licensing hasn't cut down reckless auto driving. We may have it eventually, but I would hate to see any unnecessary boating restrictions until we know how helpful licensing will be.



RAY D. WAGEMAKER
*President
Wagemaker Co.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.*

No. Waterways are not as confining as roads. On a highway a motorist has little latitude, on waterways he has 50% to 100% more latitude. Furthermore, a boatman's investment is usually substantial and he will not jeopardize it.



GOVERNOR G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Lansing, Mich.

No, but the boat should be. We are busy getting bugs out of a new law requiring all power-propelled boats and others over 16 feet to be licensed. This will make possible the identification and arrest of the few who endanger the lives of others.



GOVERNOR LENDY COLLINS
Tallahassee, Fla.

Although we have had a great increase in boating, the time has not come for universal licensing. I'm sure a motorboat operator should know the rules of the road. If he doesn't and he causes an accident, it should be a misdemeanor.



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POWERBOAT RESULTS

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AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION TITLISTS

INBOARD

48 CU. IN. HYDRO: F. C. Moor, Miami, Aug. 2-3, at Seattle.

61 CU. IN. HYDRO: Burt Davidson, Tampa, Fla., Feb. 8-9, at St. Petersburg, Fla.

135 CU. IN. HYDRO: Frank Nively, El Monte, Calif., Aug. 2-4, at Seattle.

136 CU. IN. HYDRO: Harro Reeves, Seattle, Aug. 2-3, at Seattle.

225 CU. IN. HYDRO: Henry Vogel, Webster, N.Y., Aug. 2-3, at Seattle.

326 CU. IN. HYDRO: William Rittner Sr., Willow Grove, Pa., Aug. 2-3, at Seattle.

380 CU. IN. HYDRO: Alton Pierson, Queenstown, Md., Oct. 5, at Elizabeth City, N.C.

7 LITER: George Byers, Columbus, O., Aug. 24, at Louisville, Ky.

POOH: Howard A. Harris, Van Nuys, Calif., Aug. 2-3, Cambridge, Md.

45 CU. IN. RUNABOUT: R. McConnell Jr., New Orleans, June 29, New Roads, La.

R RACING RUNABOUT: Ernest Rowe, Patterson, Calif., July 18, Merced, Calif.

JERSEY SPEED SKIFF: Fred Ream, Haddamfield, N.J., Aug. 24, Beach Haven, N.J.

E SERVICE RUNABOUT: Bill Engle, Washington, Pa., Sept. 7, Buffalo.

F SERVICE RUNABOUT: Dr. August Schwander, Eggertsville, N.Y., Sept. 7, Buffalo.

E RACING RUNABOUT: Ray Hemmings, Long Beach, Calif., Sept. 13, Newport Beach, Calif.

CRACKERBOX: Glen Miller, Long Beach, Calif., Sept. 14, Newport Beach, Calif.

STOCK OUTBOARD

Held at Miami, Aug. 21-23.

JV RUNABOUT: Rowell Wolf, Amityville, N.Y.

continued



MIRA SLOVAK, "the flying Czech," in new *Miss Rascal* outmaneuvered the frequent first-place winner Don Wilson in *Miss U.S.1* by a mere 6 points to keep the national unlimited hydro high-point trophy in Seattle.

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Orient **AIRLINES**



"HAWAII KAI III," THE 1957 HYDREX CHAMPION, WAS HOTHALLED AFTER GOLD CUP WIN

POWERBOAT RESULTS continued

AU RUNABOUT: Dean Chenoweth, Xenia, Ohio.

BU RUNABOUT: Paul Kalb, Monroe, Mich.

CU RUNABOUT: Richard J. Rees, Pottstown, Pa.

DU RUNABOUT: Skip Forrier, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

DE CLASS: William Kennedy III, Halesite, N.Y.

A STOCK HYDRO: Dave Hoggard, Trenton, Mich.

B STOCK HYDRO: Harry Pinner, West Palm Beach, Fla.

C STOCK HYDRO: Bob Brown, Miami, O.

D STOCK HYDRO: Don Baldarini, Miami, O.

OUTBOARD

Held at Lakeland, Fla., Oct. 11-12

A HYDRO: George Taylor, Orlando, Fla.

B HYDRO: Archie Guban, Montgomery, Ala.

C HYDRO: Melvin Kirtz, Elkhart, Ind.

F HYDRO: Joe Michellian, Chicago.

E SERVICE HYDRO: Arlen Crouch, Quincy, Ill.

C RACING RUNABOUT: Arlen Crouch, Quincy, Ill.

C SERVICE RUNABOUT: Homer Kincaid, Carbon Cliff, Ill.

F RACING RUNABOUT: Chuck Parsons, Lodi, Calif. (held Oct. 11 at Oceanside, Ore.).

UNLIMITED INBOARD

APPLE CUP: Miss Bardahl, Driver Norm Evans, Owner Ole Bardahl, Seattle, May 11, at Lake Chelan, Wash.

DETROIT MEMORIAL: Miss Thierberg, Driver Bill Muncey, Owner Willard Rhodes, Seattle, June 14, at Detroit.

GIAMOND CUP: Maserick, Driver Bill Stead, Owner William T. Waggoner, Phoenix, June 29, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

NAPES CUP: Maserick, Driver Bill Stead, July 28, at Lake Tahoe, Calif.

GOLD CUP: Hawaii Kai III, Driver Jack Rogers, Owner L. N. Welch, Seattle, Aug. 19, at Seattle.

SILVER CUP: Maserick, Driver Bill Stead, Aug. 23-24, at Detroit.

NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES: Miss Bardahl, Driver Miss Slovak, Sept. 7, Buffalo.

PRESIDENT'S CUP: Miss U.S. I, Driver Don Wilson, Owner George Simon of Detroit, Sept. 20-22, at Washington, D.C.

Governor's Cup: Miss U.S. I, Driver Don Wilson, Oct. 3, at Madison, Ind.

SARARA CUP: Miss U.S. I, Driver Don Wilson, Oct. 24, at Lake Mead, Nev.

MARTINI & ROSSI APEA HIGH-POINT WINNER: Miss Bardahl, Driver Miss Slovak, 5,075 points.

CRUISER CHAMPIONS

NATIONAL PREDICTED LOG: Seafarer, Dr. Anson Hoyt, Red Bank, N.J., 5,278 points.

HERBERT L. STONE TROPHY: El-Ser-Co, M.N. Shandy, Los Angeles, 4,263 points.

GEORGE COBBINGTON TROPHY: Harrison III, Dr. A. B. DuMont, Cedar Grove, N.J., 3,393 points.

NATIONAL OUTBOARD ASSOCIATION TITLISTS

PROFESSIONAL (Divisions I and IV)
Held at McAlister, Okla., Aug. 29 to Sept. 2

CLASS A HYDRO: Bill Tenney, Crystal Bay, Minn. New record of 55.571 mph.

CLASS B HYDRO: Wally Adams, Auburndale, Fla. New class record of 57.841 mph.

CLASS C HYDRO: Dicky Pund, Keokuk, Iowa.

CLASS C-1 HYDRO: Mel Callaway, Phoenix, New record 51.978 mph.

CLASS D HYDRO: Bud Jones, Sioux City, Iowa. New class record set by Ronald Williams of Keokuk, Iowa of 40.847 mph.

CLASS F HYDRO: O. B. Aylor, Highlands, Texas. New class record of 65.288 mph and Wynn Oil Co. award.

CLASS A RUNABOUT: Deanie Montgomery, Corsicana, Texas. New class record of 48.367 mph.

CLASS B RUNABOUT: Dub Parker, Gadsden, Ala. Record of 52.401 mph.

CLASS C RUNABOUT: Bill Holland, Houston.

CLASS C-1 RUNABOUT: Harry Demski, Midland, Mich.

continued

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- Unlimited use of 3 lifts.
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EMPIRE BUILDER**



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Please supply further information on Great Northern trains to Whitefish and on the Big Mountain "Thrifty Ski Weeks".

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POWERBOAT RESULTS continued

CLASS O RUNABOUT: Bill Holland, Houston. New class record of 58.945 mph.

CLASS F RUNABOUT: Clay Petreder, Lake Charles, La. New class record of 58.431 mph.

FREE-FOR-ALL RUNABOUT: Tatum Trophy, A. J. Meeker, San Antonio.

FREE-FOR-ALL HYDRO: Fox Trophy, O. B. Ayler, Highlands, Texas.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL (Division III)

Held on White River in Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 11-13

CLASS B HYDRO: James R. Chambers, Anderson, Ind.

CLASS C HYDRO: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark.

CLASS O HYDRO: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark.

CLASS A RUNABOUT: Alan Collins, Columbus, Ind.

CLASS B RUNABOUT: Paul Kallb, Monroe, Mich.

CLASS C RUNABOUT: Joe Schulte, Palos Heights, Ill.

CLASS O RUNABOUT: Leon Kinross, Anderson, Ind.

AMATEUR (Division II)

Held at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 14-16

30 to 35 CU. IN. CLASS: Billy Copes, Columbia, Tenn.

35 to 40 CU. IN. CLASS: Gerald Martin, Columbia, Tenn.

40 to 50 CU. IN. CLASS: Byron O'Bryen, Chatterfield, Ind.

50 to 70 CU. IN. CLASS: Morgan Mills, Knoxville, Tenn.

UNLIMITED CLASS: McCullough Trophy, Jimmy (Stokes) Rogers, Knoxville, Tenn.

HIGH-POINT DRIVERS

PROFESSIONAL: Billy Seebold, Granite City, Ill. 41,148 points, to win James Mulroy Memorial Trophy.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL: Johnny Ayers, Fort Smith, Ark., 11,960 points.

AMATEUR: Buddy Mallonee, Knoxville, Tenn., 14,575 points.



BILLY SEEBOLD JR., 17, high-point king, has driven with professionals three years.

SAILBOAT RESULTS

**Following are 1958's major
deep-water race winners**

SAN DIEGO ACAPULCO: Mex., Jan. 19. *Caravel*, Ashley Bown of San Diego.

LIPTON CUP: Miami (SIRC), Feb. 1. *Comanche*, Jack Price of Miami.

MIAMI-NASSAU: Bahamas (SIRC), Feb. 5. *Firestorm*, Carlton Mitchell of Ann Arbor, Mich.

NASSAU CUP: Bahamas (SIRC), Feb. 5. *Lois*, J. W. Hershey of Houston.

ST. PETERSBURG-MIAMI: (SIRC), March 15. *Co Va*, J. W. Hershey of Houston. Southern Ocean Racing Circuit Chase won.

NEWPORT-ENSENADA: May 1, *Non Song* Louis Statham of Los Angeles.

STORM TRYSAIL: May 29, *Caper*, Irving Pratt of Oyster Bay, N.Y.

SWIFTSURE LIGHTSHIP: Puget Sound May 30, *Ona*, Herb Day of Seattle.

BERMUDA RACE: June 14, *Firestorm* Carlton Mitchell of Annapolis, Md.

MILLE TROPHY: Toledo, June 21, *Melvin III* Hank Burdick of Detroit.

PORT HURON-MACKINAC: July 12, *Dyan* Clayton Ewing of Green Bay, Wis.

CHICAGO-MACKINAC: July 19, *Dyan* Clayton Ewing of Green Bay, Wis.

PORTLAND - MORGAN ISLAND: Me Aug. 8, *Guy Gell*, Robert Lova of Vineyard Haven, Mass.

ASTOR CUP: Newport, R.I., Aug. 9. *Safetown*, T. H. Ramming of Greenwich, Conn.

STAMFORD-VINEYARD: L. I. Sound, Aug. 10, *Huber*, Paul Hoffmann of Larchmont, N.Y.

TRI-ISLAND SERIES: Puget Sound, Sound, Dr. Byron Ward of Seattle.

WHITNEY TROPHY: Los Angeles, Pasadena, George Griffith of Portuguese Bend, Calif.

ARMSTRONG TROPHY: Los Angeles, Sirius, Skipper Tom Webster of Newport Harbor, Calif.

BURNEY TROPHY: San Diego, Caravel, Ashley Bown of San Diego.



CLAYTON EWING, with wonder yawl *Dyan*, swept both the Mackinac races last July.



FIRST PLACE—Byron Paul and Lorne Krupatnick of Coran, Illinois, won the marathon for the third time, setting a new record of 29 hours, 29 minutes.

SKF bearings help Mercury outboards sweep the 1,068-mile Mississippi Marathon

Twenty-eight boats started the recent, grueling Mississippi River Marathon. But only twelve completed this propeller-battering, day-and-night run—among logs, sand bars, debris—from New Orleans to St. Louis. And of the twelve, eleven were powered by Mercury outboards—proof, again, of this famous engine's endurance. Mercury's other triumphs include the 50,000 mile endur-

ance run in 68 days and the new world outboard speed record—107.9 MPH!

One reason why Mercury outboards perform so dependably is because they feature "Full-Jeweled Power"—anti-friction ball and roller bearings throughout. The end main bearings, propeller shaft thrust bearing, distributor shaft and adapter shaft bearings are

all SKF bearings that give thousands of miles of trouble-free service.

SKF bearings in any equipment are proof the manufacturer designs and builds his product to highest standards. Look for these bearings whenever you buy engines, motors or machinery. And if you make such equipment, specify them yourself.



A

ll-new Lake 'n Sea for '59

ELEVEN entirely new models . . . thoughtful new features, distinctive new styling, astonishing new performance . . . completely equipped for your supreme boating enjoyment!

FOR 1959, Parsons Corporation announces a dazzling array of completely new Lake 'n Sea Boats . . . skillfully designed, refreshingly styled, beautifully moulded of Aircraft-Quality Fiberglass for years of maintenance-free boating pleasure. • Distinguished new Lake 'n Seas, 12 through 18 feet, include husky Fishing Utilities . . . glamorous Sports Utility, Runabout and Semi-Enclosed models . . . luxurious two-sleeper Cruiser. • All except Fishing Utilities are *completely equipped* with factory-installed windshield, steering wheel and controls, remote power controls, seat cushions, deck fittings, Custom dash panel and wheel, running lights, jackstaff also standard on Custom models. • Exhilarating performance—firm-riding, sure-handling, amazing maneuverability! A host of outstanding features! Modestly priced. • Write *today* for free brochure and name of nearest dealer. Make *your* new boat a new Lake 'n Sea.



▲ Lake 'n Sea 14-ft. Caribbean Custom Runabout—has magnificent built-in stern seat is removable for quick conversion to Sports Utility! *Completely equipped*, only \$4995. Prices of other 1959 Lake 'n Sea models start as low as \$295. Send for full information.

PARSONS CORPORATION—important creative-engineering and precision manufacturing firm for over 30 years and world's largest builder of helicopter rotor blades—has been a specialist in the development and production of fiberglass structures for more than a decade. Superb Lake 'n Sea quality reflects this experience, assures years of boating pleasure.

(Prices quoted f.o.b. factory. Prices, specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.)



▲ Each section of divided stern seat in Caribbean Runabout fits forward for convenient access to compartment below aft deck.

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Lake 'n Sea

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GERMAN MADE

Popular and precision built Opel Caravan gives you station wagon usefulness without bulk. Peppy performance with economy. Built with American big-car ideas.



AMERICAN STYLE

It has room aplenty for a family of five . . . and vacation gear, too. Or fold down the wide rear seat and get nearly 6 feet of flat cargo space for a 2 1/2-ton load!



THIS IS OPEL

Up to 30 miles per gallon. 56 horsepower, oversquare 4-cylinder engine 174 in. long, 5'3" wide. Standard 3-speed shift. Opel Caravan station wagon. MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE \$23,292.60 P.O.E. New York.* Also available: Opel Rekord 2-door sedan.

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*Including heater, defroster, base indicators, delivery, handling, fed. excise taxes. †Transportation charges, state, local taxes, accessories and appl. equipment inc. wheel/wall tires additional.

COMING EVENTS

February 6 to February 12
all times are EST

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Friday, February 6

- BOATING**
Chicago/Northern Boat Show, through Feb. 11
- BOXING**
• Stilly vs. Golego, wither, 11:45 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, 30 pay TV
- CRICKET**
Buckingham Palace Cricket, Hannover, N.H. 10:00 p.m.
- BASEBALL**
Atlanta Braves Square 4 King, Atlanta City, N.J. through Feb. 8

Saturday, February 7

- BASKETBALL** (over)
• Celtics at Texas (Mid-Southwest Regional, Sports Network, Inc.)
- Auburn at Georgia
- Hefly at Drake
- Connecticut at Tulane
- Holy Cross at West Virginia 7 p.m. (NII)
- Indiana at Michigan (Big Ten Regional Sports Network, Inc.)
- Kentucky vs. Mississippi at Jackson MS
- Michigan State at Purdue
- South Carolina at North Carolina (over 11 p.m.)
- Boston at New York
- Philadelphia at Minneapolis
- BOATING**
Norfolk Fair, Southern Ocean Race, Norfolk, Virginia
- BOBBLEHEAD**
World Challenge, men and women's teams, St. Moritz, Switzerland, through Feb. 11
- BOXING**
• Kassen vs. Vago (Lange, Harding, 10 p.m., The Garden, Canal Garden, Fla., 5 p.m. NII)
- CRICKET**
Northern Spring, Chicago, Singapore, 10:00 p.m.
- GOLF**
• All-Star Golf, St. Louis vs. Hanes, 10:45 a.m., Feb. 7, 5 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. (NII)
- HOCKEY**
• Boston at Montreal
- Chicago at New York, 2 p.m. (NII)
- Detroit at Toronto
- HORSE RACING**
• Santa Margarita Invitational, Santa Anita, Calif., 8:00 p.m. (NII)
- California Invitational, Santa Anita, Calif., 8:00 p.m. (NII)
- California Invitational, Santa Anita, Calif., 8:00 p.m. (NII)
- SKATING**
• North American Outdoor Speed Skating, 10:00 a.m., West Hill, New York, Feb. 8
- TRACK & FIELD**
• Boston AA Meet, Boston

Sunday, February 8

- BASKETBALL** (over)
• Cincinnati at Boston
- Minnesota at Detroit
- New York at Syracuse, 2:00 p.m. (NII)
- Philadelphia at St. Louis

Monday, February 9

- BASKETBALL** (over)
• Detroit at Fort Wayne, Ind.
- New York at Minneapolis
- St. Louis vs. Syracuse Philadelphia vs. Boston at 8:00 p.m.
- DOG SHOW**
• Westminster Dog Show, Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 10

Tuesday, February 10

- BASKETBALL** (over)
• Cincinnati at Boston
- Minnesota at Detroit
- HORSE RACING**
• Santa Anita Invitational, Santa Anita, Calif.

Wednesday, February 11

- BOXING**
• Brown vs. Baum, light heavyweight, 11:45 p.m., Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 11
- GOLF**
• PGA Junior Country Club, Fort Worth, 10:00 a.m. (NII)
- Dardis, Feb. 11

Thursday, February 12

- GOLF**
• Larnie Open, 10:00 a.m., Tucson, Ariz. through Feb. 12

* See local listing

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EAGER TO GO- LOVES TO PLAY

She's the darling of exuberant youth . . . created to give fun to those who search for it! Famously precise hull characteristics combined with sophisticated styling make the Resorter 16' a world-wide favorite of champion water skiers, who require meticulous speed control, stability and maneuverability for their striking performances. Even across stiff chops the smooth stability and flat wake of this Resorter's triple-braced, genuine African mahogany planked hull gives the skier every advantage. Optional accessories include sliding convertible top and chrome ski tow ring. Beautiful literature on request.

official boats for national water ski championships



CENTURY BOAT COMPANY, BOX 350, MANISTEE, MICHIGAN
Subsidiary of *The Overland Corporation*, New York City



SEVEN-FOOT RUSSIAN Ivan Krutich dourly chews food in dining hall. The Soviet players usually started their meals with big helpings of onions, tomatoes, cucumbers.

FIRST

**Critics in Chile hooted when
Russia routed the U.S. in
world basketball play**

by JEREMIAH TAX

NIKITAZO RUSO was the way one Chilean newspaper headlined its story the morning after the Russians slaughtered the Americans (62-37) in the world amateur basketball tournament in Santiago last week. This is tabloid shorthand, Chilean style, and means that Nikita's boys were supreme. Another banner read RUSSIA

ON A HOTEL ROOF IN SANTIAGO, SEVEN



SPUTNIK, NOW THIS!

ATE THE U.S. AND WASHED THEM DOWN WITH COCA-COLA. It is not necessary to understand the Spanish words in which these headlines were written to appreciate that they hold a significance somewhat beyond the mere reporting of victory in a game of basketball. For to Chileans as well as Russians, Mexicans, Chinese and all the rest of the world—except, alas, Americans—the arena of international sport is the place for putting one's best foot forward with pride, often in the search for prestige.

And when the people who actually invented this sport, people generally

regarded as a brash and cocky lot anyway, are humiliated by those with whom they are in competition on so many other grounds, this is not just fun and games. Victory in international basketball lifts the hearts and impresses the minds of millions. "Look here," Chileans were saying as they watched the game in Santiago's vast National Stadium or listened to it on a dozen radio stations, "first sputnik and now this. The Yankees can't even win at their own game."

It is no good at all to say—with truth, of course—that a truly repre-

sentative U.S. team would have waltzed through this tournament without a deep breath. It is no good to say it, and it is precisely the point. For Americans have assumed supremacy in basketball for so long that most of them believed that sending along any old group of healthy kids meant another world championship.

Our team in Santiago wasn't even healthy. Two of the best players—Bob Jeangerard and Eddie White—had plaster casts on their arms because of broken bones. They made the trip, but White couldn't play at

continued

PLAYERS FROM FOUR NATIONS AND THREE CONTINENTS JOIN IN RUBBERNECKING THE TOWERING COROILLERA DE LOS ANDES



all and Jeangerard made only a few brief, ineffectual appearances. The rest were generally crew-cut, the nicest kind of boys you would want to meet, and they tried hard. But they were as representative of good U.S. basketball as Nikita Khrushchev's grandmother. In a very real sense, sending this team to Santiago was an insult not only to the host nation of Chile but to all who expected to see and play against our best. How did this nice, bewildered, outclassed group of youngsters come to be in Santiago?

The story is simple enough, though parts of it will undoubtedly be denied in some sensitive quarters. The world championships take place every four years, midway between Olympics. Four years ago Chile was chosen as host. The time was supposed to be October or November 1958. Chile began to prepare a large indoor arena in Santiago to accommodate it. By early last fall, however, it was apparent that the arena would not be finished in time, and Chile was granted permission to shift the date to January 1959.

Now January is right smack in the middle of our collegiate, industrial league and AAU seasons, so our representatives in the International Basketball Federation knew they had little chance to assemble a decent team. In fairness to them, they did

ask around the National Industrial Basketball League and other leagues for players and were turned down. Americans generally didn't give a hang, making it impossible to stir up enough sentiment to force the issue of how to organize a representative group. Instead, Chile was notified the U.S. would not participate.

Chile, in turn, realizing that the U.S. was defending champion and would be the big attraction, refused to accept this decision, very likely incredulous that the champions would not defend their title. They appealed to our State Department, in the name of Pan-American amity, and the State Department put pressure on Dan Ferris and Lou Wilke of the AAU.

A SMALL FOUL-UP

With no place to turn, these gentlemen were happy to be told by Colonel Ralph Stevenson, Chief of Special Services of the U.S. Air Force, that the Air Force would be glad to send along a team of all-stars. At this point there occurred a small but extremely significant foul-up. An Air Force group had won the AAU championship in 1957, and when the news was released that the Air Force would represent us in Santiago, the official statement clearly read that this was the same team. Wire-service reports with this information were printed and broadcast around the world. Today, in Santiago, Moscow and way

stations between, people still believe that the Americans who were clobbered by the Russians last week, beaten by the Brazilians and nearly beaten by others, are the amateur champions of the United States.

They are nothing of the sort. Few of the members of that 1957 team are still in the Air Force. This group was assembled hit-and-miss from service bases all over the States and some from overseas. Most had never even met before, and after a few brief practice sessions they were hustled onto a plane and dispatched to represent their country against a Russian team which had been playing together for four years.

Miserable failures as basketball players, they still fulfilled an important function off court. World championship meetings also demonstrate the ability of individuals with sharply contrasting backgrounds and attitudes to get along with each other before an eager and attentive audience. And the good humor and candor of these youngsters contributed a great deal to the fact that the tournament in Santiago was an engaging and generally successful experiment in international relations.

All 12 visiting teams in the final round, and some of the others that had been eliminated earlier, stayed at Santiago's Carrera Hotel, a comfortable establishment across the street from Chile's "White House" and in the heart of a beautiful and



REGULING CHILEAN GIRLS VISIT WITH FOREIGN PLAYERS ON ROOF OF CARRERA HOTEL



CHINESE PLAYERS TAN, CHEN, WONG

hospitable city surrounded by peaks of the Cordillera de los Andes. In a multilingual and multiracial atmosphere of high spirits and good will, players, coaches and officials constantly crowded the Carrera's lobbies, bars and restaurants, exchanging basketball information, souvenirs and the telephone numbers of Chilean girls. Santiago is blessed with a remarkably large number of striking young ladies, whose features attractively display the vast mixture of European blood that is Chile's heritage. These *chilenas* also crowded the lobbies, and fêted and dated the players with genuine native affection and the organized efficiency of a female junior chamber of commerce. Wherever they went, the visitors trailed crowds of autograph-seeking youngsters, wide-eyed teen-agers and adults eager to make them welcome.

The exception to all this amity and accord was the behavior of the Russians and Bulgarians, who appeared for meals and showed up promptly for their games but stayed in their rooms all the rest of the time. This was the rule until the day after the Russians beat the U.S. Then one found Communist players in the Carrera swimming pool, wandering the streets and even a few socializing in the lobbies. They had done what they came to do, and now they were permitted to relax.

By all odds, the most popular group was the Nationalist Chinese,

for a number of sound reasons. In a general atmosphere of cordiality and politeness, their apparently innate courtesy still stood out, on the basketball court, in the hotel, on the streets. They also reaped a universally sympathetic response from other delegations and the Chilean people when the Russians refused to play them (on the grounds that the U.S.S.R. recognized no such country as Nationalist China). At every Russian appearance, crowds taunted them with shouts of "Play with China." Finally, the Chinese were probably the smallest in size (though excellently conditioned) of all the teams. They had to work hard for their shots, and even the Chilean audiences, whose shouts often betrayed little understanding of this sport, appreciated China's speed and ball-handling ability. In Wong Kwok Yeung, a peppery little ball hawk and superb shooter, China had one of the very best players in the tournament.

RAD BASKETBALL

The basketball itself, however, was atrocious. It will remain that way on the international level until something is done about the officiating, which in every game was unbelievably bad and often bordered on insanity. In many games, the two teams and the two referees were obliged to communicate in sign language—for example, when Russia played the U.S. the officials were,

naturally, from Peru and France.

This confusion in communication was as nothing, though, when compared with the lack of understanding of the rules shown by nearly all the officials. This was most obviously demonstrated by a refusal to concede any rights to the team which did not have the ball.

The result was that every team's offense ultimately consisted of one man taking the ball, lowering his head and driving for the basket like a battering ram. Even if he ran over two or three opposing players who clearly had established their positions, he invariably drew fouls and was given the basket if he scored on his football-style play. On other points of rule, calls were equally astonishing, and apparently the officials themselves must have been aware of their own inefficiency, because they were constantly invoking double fouls, as if to say that thereby no one team would suffer unduly.

True enough, the officials were not biased, all teams being penalized equally. But with all the whistle-blowing, it was simply impossible for any team to play deceptive, smart basketball (even if it were capable of doing so), and games often resembled soccer, which Latin Americans prefer to basketball anyway.

Many times this referee-induced style of rough play brought amusing results and, happily, also evoked a

continued on page 57



AND LEE WINDOW-SHOP FOR ART SOUVENIRS



YOUNG U.S. COACH BENNETT (LEFT) GETS SHOESHINE WITH PLAYER HODGES

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek

Big White Year in Colorado



CENTENNIAL HIGHLIGHTS

FEB. 24-26 World Figure Skating Championships, Colorado Springs.

MARCH 6-9 National Alpine Championships and Roth Cup International, Aspen.

MARCH 12-22 National AAU Basketball Tournament, Denver.

MARCH 22-28 NCAA Ski Championships, Winter Park.

SUMMER World's Heavyweight Championship Prize Fight, Colorado Springs.

JUNE 11-14 Boat Races, Salida.

JUNE 12-20 National AAU Track and Field Championships, Boulder.

JULY 4-5 Pikes Peak Hill Climb and International Sports Car Race, Colorado Springs.

JULY 13-18 National Public Links Golf Tournament, Denver.

AUG. 9-12 Highest Regatta in World, Grand Lake.

AUG. 21-SEPT. 2 International Pistol Tournament, Colorado Springs.

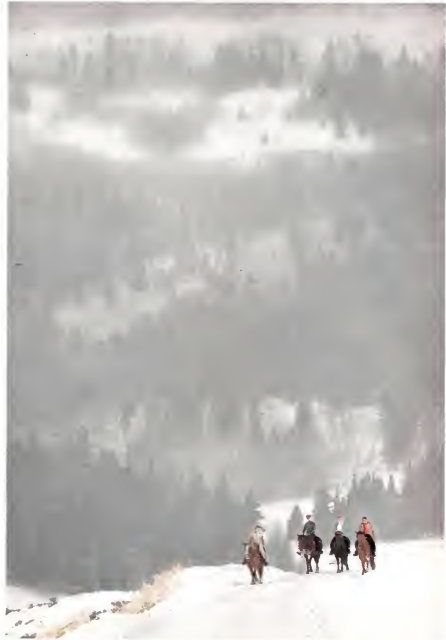
SEPT. 14-19 National Amateur Golf Tournament, Colorado Springs.

DEC. 12-19 Invitational Ski Championships, Aspen.

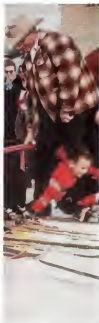
The cold, sparkling months of winter are the time to start a year of outdoor sports celebrations in the Rocky Mountain state

THIS IS Colorado's big year. In a blaze of fireworks and historical confusion that gave added zip to New Year's festivities, the outdoor-minded state on January 1 launched its Rush to the Rockies Centennial. The fact that the state has been in the Union only 83 years deterred no one. The year 1959 was going to be terrific, and Colorado aimed to celebrate with a 12-month orgy of sports calculated to delight the tourists and the home folks. As usual, the people of Colorado started off the year by moving outdoors. And, as the pictures on these pages show, when Colorado goes outdoors it goes out into some of the finest mountain scenery and deepest powder snow anywhere. The state boasts no less than 20 ski resorts. Some of them, like the multimillion-dollar complex surrounding the town of Aspen (SI, Jan. 13, '58), are designed to tempt ski travelers from all over the continent. Others, such as Denver's own Winter Park (*see cover*) and Steamboat Springs, built by local businessmen, were created just to give Coloradans and their children a winter playground. Later on in the centennial year the state will play host to the National AAU Track Championships, the National Amateur Golf Tournament and, perhaps, a heavyweight title bout. But for the next few winter months the people of Colorado will be doing what comes most naturally in this Rocky Mountain state—having outdoor fun in some truly beautiful snow country.

Happily braving a sudden storm that turns the woodland a misty gray behind the falling snow, a party of riders explores a mountain road that winds through the Rockies.







Winter Carnival in Steamboat Springs, 200 miles northwest of Denver, marks peak of season for this ski-loving Rocky Mountain town, and it brings out swarms of school kids and local ranchers for the celebration. At upper left, youngsters squirm under barrier during obstacle race down the main street. Below left, bright-robed high school coeds carrying sparklers prepare for coronation of carnival queen, and above, skier Bruce Cardy hangs grimly to towline of galloping cow pony as he tries to spear ring with pole.





Visitors Steve Watkins and Marion Palmer, with a pet poodle, prepare for a sleighride on the C Lazy U Ranch, while in the background three other guests practice skating on a frozen pond.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Midnight Watches

THE 1959 baseball season opened officially last, er... Well, perhaps it wasn't strictly official, but for those whose principal interest in the national game lies in watching that agile, 67-year-old gray-haired champion, Charles Dillon Stengel, slide into a perforation amid a swirling cloud of verbal stardust, the new season had begun. Casey, the West Coast banker in New York for a testimonial dinner, was at bat again, and, as usual, once the ball was in the air, it was a little hard to tell which side he was playing on or which way he was running.

"I know what our guys can do and what they can't," Casey told a group of eagerly note-taking sportswriters, "so maybe we wouldn't be lucky if we traded with that fella in Cleveland or that other fella in Washington. Those fellas only want to offer nothing for something, so unless my bosses suddenly decide to make a deal which would be too good to turn down I'll stick with my guys at least for a month or two and maybe by then every one of them will have

watches which can tell when midnight comes."

All of which was Mr. Stengel's perfectly simple and straightforward way of telling his Yankee ballplayers that they had better get on the ball come spring. Both Casey and his guys came in for considerable criticism on the part of fans last year despite the miraculous last-ditch victory in Milwaukee, Yankee Stadium, despite the sudden surcease of all National League competition, yawned gap-toothed with empty seats for much of the season and Casey was frank to admit the reason: "We lost our chance to recruit the National League fans because we stunk." Casey's front-office bosses were well aware of the situation and took it out on the Yankee manager. Casey, as always, was quick to jump to the defense of his fellas, but last week he was letting them know in no uncertain terms that it mustn't happen again.

"My trouble," he told the newsmen, "is that I'm too easy, and if certain men are not in at night I am responsible. Who is supposed to be responsible if not the manager, so if

you get tired running 90 feet to first base I'll have to fine you.

"And," Mr. Stengel added for the benefit of a few Yankees who have been threatened (though not very seriously) with salary cuts, "if some of them don't like it here a big moving van will move up and one or two of them will get socked in the butt, and let's see how they like it outside of this great city."

So that was that. And how did the scolded fellas take it? "Well," said Mickey Mantle, who, along with Pitcher Whitey Ford, has sometimes been suspected of staying up too late at night, "I don't want to sound like I'm bragging but I think I've done a pretty good job and Casey Stengel is out of line."

Out of line? Well, maybe, but not out of breath, not by a long shot.

Umbilical Fitness

EXCEPT in burlesque and the orange industry, navels have gone largely out of style in the West. In the Far East, however, where eyelike umbilici peer inscrutably from countless Buddhas, the navel is held in high regard. "Think with your navel, walk with your navel, look and listen with your navel," warned one of the great proponents of Japanese Zen Buddhism, "and thus become truly enlightened."

Navel thinking is perhaps a rather specialized skill even in Japan, but for less purely enlightened folk there are simpler disciplines involving this waist-high focal point. In 1951 a retired Japanese office worker named Koji Murata developed a simple set of exercises to improve and condition the navel strength of his country's jaded executives. Using such catch phrases as "the heaven-pointed navel receives blessings from above" and

They Said It

FIDEL CASTRO, summarizing Cuban promises: "More sports and less rice!"

RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING, addressing himself to the temporal rulers of organized baseball: "Give us another major league. Put baseball in more cities. Play interleague games. Everything is changing. Why not baseball?"

EARL BLAIR, reflecting before the Metropolitan Golf Writers Association in New York on the trials of the game: "Golf has humbled, humiliated and just about licked all the great athletes I ever knew that tried it."

CHARLEY JACKSON, Chicago Cardinal defensive halfback, remembering the sensation of watching Cleveland Fullback Jim Brown running at him: "It's an awful thing. That hole opens up and Brown comes blowing through. You feel like a man trapped on a boulder by an unshackled freight."

"the navel is the blind spot of medical science," Koji preached a doctrine of navel supremacy whose major thesis held that "the brain is the control room of the human body but the navel is its master switch." "You, too," exhorted Koji, "can become healthy, wealthy and wise by exercising your navel."

As Koji sees it, a navel that seems to gaze mournfully downward is the mark of a hopeless failure, while one that peers skyward is the certain sign of success. To encourage this happy abdominal condition, he advocates a daily ritual which begins with a relaxed stance, hands hanging loose and grasping a broomstick or golf-club shaft. A deep breath follows, during which the arms are swung rhythmically to one side while the hips swing to the other. At the end of this movement a tiny gasp of breath is released. Then the movement is repeated on the opposite side and again on the first side until the exerciser has no breath left. (There now, don't you feel better already?)

Practiced rigorously twice a day for 10 minutes, this exercise, says Koji, will raise umbilical sights. The remarkable fact is that as of last week some 160 Japanese business firms had come to see eye to eye, or navel to navel, with him. "Since we took up Koji Murata's exercises," says a top official of Japan's biggest light and power company, "there's been a noticeable drop in nervous tension among our executives. We don't know what medical theory is behind it, but it works."

We can only say: "Let there be light—and power."

Ohio "Kon-Tiki"

UNDERGRADUATE BEHAVIOR has plagued college deans and delighted city editors for generations and is still as rakishly unpredictable as ever. Recently three students at Xavier University in Cincinnati, wishing to spend their between-semester holidays in New Orleans, figured out an improbable way to get there. They had no car and no money, so they decided to drift down to New Orleans on a rubber raft, a distance of 1,378



ROBERT CARPENTER CROSSING THE DELAWARE

miles, part of it on the Ohio and the rest on the Mississippi.

The voyagers were James and John Kappas, of Park Hills, Ky., and Mike O'Connell, of Stamford, Conn. Inviting their fellow students to lay dollar-limit bets on just how far they would get (with the best guessers to collect at 5 to 1), they assembled a working fund of \$140 and bought a five-man

to reporters and photographers talking about deadline, we hurried. . . . We did not put on rubber suits until after we left dock. We were sorry, because we immediately got pants wet.

3 p.m.—Reached North Bend, Ohio. Getting colder. Waves three to four feet high.

Midnight—Stopped for night near Warsaw, Ky. Ate hot dogs.

Sunday, 1 p.m.—Man and woman came to meet us in a motorboat. They knew all about trip. Wished us luck. ("We were surprised that so many knew about us," said John later, supplementing his log. "But nobody offered us any food—just luck.")

5:30 p.m.—Cooked first meal on raft—ravioli and sauce, hot dogs, corn and tuna fish. Water filled bow of raft. Jim nearly fell out.

8 p.m.—Madison, Ind. Pulled ashore, went to drugstore for milk shakes and sandwiches. Called home.

Monday, 1 to 8 a.m.—Took two-hour watches. Pulled ashore near

continued



raft. Since all three are linemen on the Xavier football team and weigh 200 pounds or more, a five-man raft was just about right for the three of them. They also bought rubber suits, plenty of food and a radio that never did work. They set out on Sunday Jan. 25, and John Kappas kept a log:

10:30 a.m.—Put boat in water. Due

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Louisville at 8, had ment balls, peas, hot dogs for breakfast.

1:30 p.m.—Coast Guard gave us coffee and told us how to get across falls near Louisville. We went over falls without knowing it—river was high from the flood.

9:30 p.m.—Ran into sleet storm. Temperature down to 17. Everything freezing. We put canvas over our heads and lit canned heat. Due to canvas cover we can't see. There is danger of running into a barge.

From this point the situation, which had never been good, got worse. The travelers grew wetter, colder and hungrier. They were almost run down by a barge. ("We forgot to put out a light. But the Coast Guard had warned barges to be on the watch for us.") At 3 a.m. on Wednesday, 238 miles from Cincinnati and 1,140 miles

short of New Orleans, the raftsmen came ashore to stay.

They were at Cloverport, Ky., which three skeptical bettors had picked as the likely end of the run, thus winning themselves five bucks apiece. Some students had bet that the raftsmen would actually reach New Orleans; others that they would never leave Cincinnati. Most wagers, however, centered on Cairo, Ill., which the voyage fell short of by a good 200 miles.

Hitchhiking back to Cincinnati, the thawed-out seamen were proud of one achievement: they had got past Louisville. Back in 1933, Peter Kappas, the father of Jim and John, had set out for New Orleans in a canoe and had abandoned his attempt at Louisville. Now Mr. Kappas is threatening to buy another canoe in

the spring and beat his sons' record, but Jim and John aren't worried. With the cheerful assurance of the young, they explain why they think their father will never make it: "He's about 46, you know."

Five at One Blow

ON BROADWAY last week audiences were laughing their heads off over the opening performances of *Tall Story*, the latest Lindsay-Crouse theatrical, involving a basketball player who flunks out on the eve of the big game (SI, Jan. 26). Two thousand miles away, in Pocatello, Idaho, meanwhile, a real-life variant was being enacted and nobody was laughing at all.

Trouble was that, at Idaho State, five (count them, five) basketball players had all flunked the same course; something called Education 77. The catalog describes Education 77 as "A study of the physical, mental, social and emotional factors involved in the development of the child from birth through adolescence in relation to the responsibilities of the school." Sounds tough but isn't: Education 77 is merely a survey of what kids are likely to do at a given age.

Anyway, if Coach John Grayson had lined up his squad under a basket and fired a Civil War cannon into it from center court, he could hardly have done more damage, or wrecked more hopes, than Education 77. Basketball at Idaho State is like football at Notre Dame or wrestling at Oklahoma State: it is important. Everybody in Pocatello expected the Idaho State team to win the championship of the Rocky Mountain Conference this year, as it has done for six years running; and the Bengals were indeed championship-bound with a 15-3 over-all record and six wins, with no losses, in conference play. The academically disabled included the star center, John Bethke, and four lesser players. In addition there was a first-string guard, Bobbie Dye, who is a loose-wolf type: he flunked something other than Education 77.

The instructor whose exam caused

continued



"Well, you can't fight City Hall."



My second most prized possession

No, Color TV is *not* Lilly Daché's most prized possession. That exquisite Nepalese altar piece is.

And we won't argue with designer Daché's choice. Especially since she placed Color TV second on her "most prized" list. You probably know some of her reasons already. The wonderful difference Color TV makes. The beauty of the color picture. The pride in owning the finest.

(An interesting sidelight: When she first decided on Color TV, Miss Daché chose the least expensive of RCA Victor's dozen or so models—the \$495 one. Just a matter of personal taste. And no

one who has admired a Daché hat could question Lilly's taste.)

In short, our case *pro* Color TV is this: "Living Color" TV is the best television there is. That's why RCA Victor Color TV appeals to more and more people like Miss Daché. People who lead the colorful life.

RCA Victor offers color television receivers at prices starting from \$495. If you are considering one as a second (or third) most prized possession of your own, ask your RCA Victor dealer to arrange a demonstration for you. Then see the difference Color Television makes—for yourself.



RCA VICTOR
MADE IN U.S.A.



For expert service and installation, RCA Factory Service is available in most TV areas. Mfr's retail list price shown, not with dealer. U.S. only. Price, specifications subject to change.



Walker's DeLuxe—born great, matured to magnificence. After seven years of ripening in the cask, something wonderful happens. Smooth, true bourbon flavor. In the bottle or in your glass, clearly, no bourbon anywhere is more deluxe than Walker's DeLuxe. Have you seen it in the new curved flasks with the jigger top?

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

most of the damage is not a grimly intellectual enemy of athletes. He is Clinton Chase, a 30-year-old Ph.D. who likes basketball himself and hasn't missed a home game all year. It is interesting to speculate on what went through Dr. Chase's mind at that moment when he had finished grading papers and was the only person in Pocastello who knew the awful news. Whatever his thoughts, he turned in the grades and waited for the storm. It came promptly.

But though the wrath of Pocastello was great, it was not righteous; there were no real grounds for outrage. Education 77 is a course that all education students, even physical-education students, are expected to pass. It hadn't occurred to anyone, not even the players themselves, that they would fail. The exam consisted of 128 questions, some true-or-false, some multiple-choice. "If you had done the assigned reading, you could pass," said one student. "Or if you had listened in class. But you didn't have to do both." And Instructor Chase pointed out a sad, hard fact. "There is no different grading standard for basketball players," he said.

Coach Grayson made the best of it. "We won't roll over and play dead yet," he said. Students and townspeople filled the gym for the first postexam game and watched the remnants of their squad battle Oklahoma City down to the wire before losing 58-51. Then Idaho met little Adams State College of Alamogordo, Colo. and won two easy games, 113-39 and 90-37. But over the mountains lay Colorado State, whose Bears have also won six games and lost but one in Rocky Mountain Conference play, and have not sacrificed their top scorer and five other players to midyear exams.

Altogether, the future looked gray. But the students and faculty of Idaho State faced it with chins up, hopes down and academic principles intact. Their best consolation was their new historic status. For all coaches who must necessarily dwell on the side of the academic volcano, Idaho State has become a symbol of devastation equal to Pompeii.



Inside Track

This miler runs indoors, on boards,
Pursuing chaps all winter.
He may pick up a yard or two,
He may pick up a splinter.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Behind the Door

ONCE THERE WAS a man named John Henry Outland from a town in Kansas named Hesper. Unlike a lot of people in Hesper, John Henry went on to make a bigger name for himself playing football at the University of Pennsylvania. He played tackle in 1897, and he played halfback in 1898, and he played with a vengeance. He played with such facility, indeed, that he was twice All-America, once for each position. Years later, having tasted glory in two flavors, John Henry concluded that other football linemen were taken too much for granted. So he established the Outland Trophy for tackles and guards. And he endowed it with dimensions not unlike the players it was intended to honor: it measured nine square feet and weighed almost 100 pounds. It probably never occurred to John Henry that his traveling trophy might get lost. But it did. And sadder still, in an age when even trophies are taken too much for granted, it wasn't missed.

The 1958 winner of the Outland Trophy is Zeke Smith of Auburn. The Football Writers Association, which picked him, wrote the University of Iowa (whose Alex Karras won in 1957) bidding Iowa forward the trophy posthaste to the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn.

"Trophy? What trophy?" asked Iowa by return mail.

The FWA scratched its collective head and wrote Ohio State (whose Jim Parker won in 1956). "Outland Trophy? Outland Trophy?" mused Wilbur Snapp, Ohio State's athletic-publicity director. Then, with one of those little light bulbs floating over his head, he walked across his office and looked behind the door. "Well, whaddya know?" said Mr. Snapp. "The Outland Trophy."

Wilbur Snapp, who outweighs John Henry's award by 75 pounds, was the first to draw himself up straight (he is taller than the trophy by two and a half feet) and apologize to Iowa and the FWA. "It would have taken a reinforced brick wall to hold it up," he said. "We just didn't have a place for it. We put it behind the door." And the request to forward it to Iowa last year? "Can't seem to recall ever getting it," he said.

Now Auburn is a resourceful institute and has the knowhow to construct a suitable suspension for the trophy. But let them get at it, Wilbur Snapp, with dust cloth in hand, and a fond farewell, has trucked it off to the express office.

Miltown Argument

EVERYBODY knows that it is wrong to hop up a race horse. Is it equally sinful to calm down a show horse? Yes, the American Horse Shows Association decided at its recent New York meeting—but not without some spirited debate. One horse owner was moved to cry out: "Half of us in this room probably are taking tranquilizers—so why deny them to a horse that needs them?"

Another hotly replied: "Horses don't experience the same tensions and anxieties that people do!"

"How do you know?" somebody else shouted. "Some show horses have nervous breakdowns!"

At that point the antitransquilizer forces rallied and passed a motion making it unlawful to "sedate" horses (not riders) on the ground that, otherwise, some naturally fractious beast might fool the judges with his Miltown manners.

END

INGREDIENTS FOR A FASTER MILE

AFTER running several of his countrymen ragged in Sydney and Melbourne last week the world's fastest miler leaped on a plane bound for the U.S. and a quick sprint through the banquet circuit.

There was nothing very surprising in this: feeding famed athletes and giving them awards is the favorite pastime of U.S. sports fans at this season. But the banquet managers in charge of planning a menu for Australia's Spartan self-disciplinarian Herbert Elliott may well find something to surprise them in the food

that delights him most. Shown below in all its savory goodness is Herb's daily diet. It consists of:

Breakfast—one and a half cups of uncooked rolled oats, a handful of raisins or sultanas, one sliced banana and two chopped walnuts, two potatoes (French fried), two eggs (fried in peanut or, sometimes, olive oil), one or two glasses of milk, an occasional orange or apple.

Lunch—a salad compounded of lettuce, cabbage, banana, orange, carrots, celery, tomatoes and, sometimes, a little canned fish, washed

down with one glass of milk and accompanied by two or three slices of rye bread spread with margarine.

Dinner—cabbage, spinach, lettuce, string beans and carrots (all lightly boiled and jumbled together) with two potatoes fried in peanut oil, one or two slices of fish (also fried in peanut oil) and more milk.

Once or twice a week, the miler replaces the fish on his dinner menu with lean meat fried in peanut oil. "Animal fats," he says, "clog the arteries."

Day in and day out, Elliott's diet

BREAKFAST



LUNCH



remains as unchanged as the diet of gas and oil that is fed to a racing car. Last Christmas day, it was suspended long enough to permit Herb to eat some roast turkey, but "I like my diet," says Herb, "and I went right back to it."

Like most of his training regimen—long, daily hours of torturous roadwork often uphill and in soft sand—Herb's diet was the brain child of his intuitive trainer and mentor Percy Cerutti. It involves no elaborate caloric reckoning. Indeed, Herb himself has no idea how many calories he takes in (approximately 3,000 daily), but it is, he insists, "scientifically balanced." In any case, Elliott feels no call to apologize for his fare. "Once in a while," he says, "it gets monotonous, but it generally appeals to my sense of taste." As a matter of fact, he adds, "anyone with any sense might eat the same."



DINNER



Orange,
in salad



Lettuce,
in salad

Rye bread and margarine,
two or three slices



Carrots,
in salad

Canned fish,
in salad



2 potatoes, fried
in peanut oil

Cabbage again,
lightly boiled



Lettuce,
lightly boiled



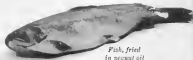
Carrots,
lightly boiled

String beans,
lightly boiled



Spinach,
lightly boiled

Another
milk



Fish, fried
in peanut oil



PURSUIT of breakfast begins at dawn as vanguard of Desert Riders club flies past shaggy date palms on trail to desert and waiting chuck wagon. Habits on weekly rides range from members' wide-brimmed Stetsons and chaps to sport clothes of the titled guests.



PALM SPRINGS MOUNTIES AMBUSH BREAKFAST

DIETARY AUSTERITY has no part in the Tuesday-morning roundup of the Palm Springs, Calif. group known as the Desert Riders—they leave that to track stars like Herb Elliott. Last week, even as the morning sun began to touch the hovering peak of Mt. San Jacinto, more than a score of them, men and women, set out on horseback to ambush a chuck wagon breakfast of eggs, chicken livers, mushrooms, cheese blintzes, hotcakes and coffee. By the time their energetic patrol had reached its down-trail rendezvous, appetites were every bit a match for the menu.

Founded a generation ago, Desert Riders draws its saddle pals from resident businessmen and special weekly guests from all over the country, devotes itself to building riding trails and maintaining them. This is a meaningful enterprise in the Palm Springs area, where the electric golf cart seems about to replace the horse.



FOOTGEAR of absolutely no use whatever in snowless Palm Springs is awarded after breakfast as a gag to Ed McCoubrey, the long-time roundup boss of the Desert Riders. Other times McCoubrey is an automobile dealer in Palm Springs.

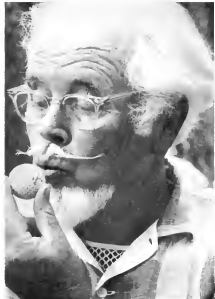


RENDEZVOUS attained and breakfast consumed, Desert Riders, appropriately facing west, gather at the base of a desert foothill to listen to a selection of plaintive cowboy songs. Later they remounted their horses and rode back to town.

SENIOR SET HAS A BALL

THE BEARDED Buffalo Bill of golf on the left (actually Bill Jelliffe of Denver) and 273 other veteran golfers who last week trekked down to Dunedin, Fla. for the annual PGA Seniors championship had themselves a high old time. They came to shoot for the Teacher's Trophy, \$10,000 in prizes and an all-expense-paid trip to England this summer for a playoff with the British Seniors champion. Grabbing the bill for all this fun was 58-year-old Ronald Teacher, an occasional golfer and ardent yachtsman who is commodore of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club and the director of William Teacher & Sons, Ltd. Early in the tournament Teacher, an amiable sort, was prevailed upon by a far-seeing publicity man who sought to overcome the problem of early deadlines to pose with the eight potential trophy winners below. The pictures were then shipped out days ahead of the finish. Very neat. But the eventual champion, sad to say, is not included. Willie Goggin, 52, of San Jose, Calif. superstitiously declined to pose, then went out and won the tournament by a single stroke.

Photographs by Carroll Rosen



SWEETEST NOTE of all was struck by Bill Jelliffe, 62, who scored a hole in one during the first day of competition.



JUST IN CASE, TEACHER HONORS JACK ISAACS (TIED FOR 13TH)



JACK RYAN, WHO ALSO TIED FOR 13TH, FINGERS THE TROPHY



THEN LELAND GIBSON (2ND), AS GEORGE FERRIER LOOKS ON



NEXT COMES DICK METZ (6TH), AS WILLIE WHELAN LOOKS ON



SEVENTEEN NATIONAL golf championships, American and British, have been won by this memorable group of Dunedin Sen-

iors: Jack Hutchison, Charles McKenna, Harry Schwab, Al Watrous, Billie Burke, Gene Sarazen and Freddie McLeod.



AL HUSKE (28TH) RECEIVES HIS TURN IN THE LET'S PRETEND



WARMING UP, TEACHER NOW AWARDS CLARENCE OOSER (3TH)



A SMILE AND A TROPHY FOR CO-RUNNER-UP PAUL RUYAN



A FINAL TAKE IS WITH GEMMY SHUTE, ANOTHER RUNNER-UP



LAURENCE OWEN, 14, of Winchester, Mass., whose mother, Mabel Vivron, was nine-time U.S. champion, won junior title.



STEPHANIE WESTERFELD, 17, of Colorado Springs began skating at 5. She placed second among juniors for second year.

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

CUPS TODAY, MEDALS TOMORROW



GREGORY KELLEY, 14, of Newton Centre, Mass. gained early lead in school figures, went on to win the junior championship.



RICKIE BENDICH, 18, the pride of Rye, N.Y. where she placed second in the eastern regionals, was the eighth-best junior.



DON MIKE ANTHONY, 20, of Glendale, Calif. was a fine skater before he ever saw natural ice. He was second in juniors.



RHODIE LEE MICHELSON, 15, of Long Beach, Calif., concentrating on an exacting school pattern, finished third in the juniors.



DIANA LAPP, 15, of Colorado Springs, swinging here into a graceful pivot, wound up in sixth place in junior competition.

DAVID JENKINS and **CAROL HEISS** are 1960's prospective Olympic gold medalists in the rigorous world of figure skating. Last week, while David, 22, and Carol, 19, were winning their third straight national titles at Rochester, the youngsters here, most of them cup winners or runners-up in U.S. sectional championships last month, were vying for national junior and novice cham-

pionships as someday successors to David and Carol.

The youngest, **Scott Ethan Allen** (bottom, right), 9, who likes basketball as much as skating, sneaked away after practice to a nearby gym and strained his leg. But heat, massage, liniment, tape, pep talk and promise of a hockey stick got him on the ice. No Hollywood finish, alas: little Scotty was second in the novice class.



MARY BATDORF, 12, of Lebanon, Pa., has an identical twin Anne who is also a good skater. Mary gained the novice title.



MONTY HOYT, the 14-year-old son of the editor and publisher of the *Denver Post*, won first place in the novice division.



SCOTT ETHAN ALLEN, 9, of Butler, N.J., is considered a splendid prospect for a gold medal in the 1968 Olympic Games.

THINGS WILL NOT BE THE

The facts and the law refute the naive cynics who contend that Jim Norris, stripped of Madison Square Garden and his IBC, still will monopolize boxing through his stooges
by **MARTIN KANE**

WHEN James D. Norris became president of Madison Square Garden in 1955 he covered his ruggedly handsome head with sports promotion's most splendid crown. In all the world there is no indoor sports arena of greater prestige than the Garden, though it is neither the largest of arenas nor the best. But to athletes and sports fans its marquee lights Eighth Avenue with a special aura, as the lights of the old Palace once glowed for vaudevillians.

Last week Jim Norris reluctantly took off the Garden's gaudy crown. He sold his interest in it to an investment company which knows a good property when it sees one. In the opinion of the new owners the Garden has "much greater earning power than has been the case." So, by the force

of self-made circumstance and the law, Norris this week stood stripped of his proudest possession.

Though Norris is most prominently associated in the public mind with prizefighting, despite heavy interests in both hockey and horse racing, and though some of ring history's most spectacular fights have been presented at the Garden, the Eighth Avenue arena always has been much more than a fight club. Just about every sport that can be housed indoors has been shown there. The finest of track, basketball, hockey, horse shows and dog shows, not to mention circuses, rodeos, ice shows and professional wrestling, have kept the Garden profitably busy through the years and often have filled it to capacity. But ever since television began piping the fights into the nation's living rooms without fee, boxing has become a minor sport at the Garden gate, attracting the scantiest of crowds. On fight nights the world's greatest sports arena has been so embarrassingly empty that its operators eventually stopped announcing how many (actually, how few) had paid to get in. To be sure, there was always a hard core of regulars present and an occasional attractive match drew a fair crowd. But as far as most boxing was concerned, the Garden became a TV studio.

It was boxing, nonetheless, that drove Norris out of the Garden. His monopoly grip on the sport, established through his International Boxing Club, eventually did him in. The grip was outlawed last month by the Supreme Court of the United States, which upheld the 1957 decision of Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan that Norris must dissolve the IBC immediately and sell his Garden stock within five years. Aware that a losing hand is best abandoned quickly, Norris sold the stock within three weeks.

Together with his generally silent partner, Arthur M. Wirtz, Norris controlled 40% of the Garden stock, quite enough to give him effective control. Last Friday he announced that his stock and Wirtz's had been sold for \$4 million to Graham-Paige Corporation, which used to make automobiles but now makes investments. Graham-Paige has no special corporate interest in sport but its two principal officers, Chairman of the Board Admiral John J. Bergen, USNR and President Irving Mitchell Felt, are all-round fans. Admiral Bergen is a founder and chairman of the board of the New York Yankees Stadium Club, a pleasant rendezvous where members may sip and lunch before a baseball game. He is also a governor and secretary-treasurer of Long Island's Deepdale Golf Club. Graham-Paige holdings include investments in Botany Mills, Inc. and Hotel Corporation of America, as well as gas and oil properties. The investment company also bought the holdings of some other Garden investors and now holds more than 50%.

THE TV FIGHTS

The forced sale, and other provisions of Judge Ryan's decree, left Norris in control only of Chicago Stadium, as far as boxing is concerned. The Stadium in turn controls promotion of the Wednesday night fights on TV. But as this week began even that control had taken on a shaky aspect, because the Stadium, by court order, can promote only two championship fights a year for the next five years. The impression is abroad that such a limitation is satisfactory neither to the two fight-broadcasting networks, ABC and NBC, nor to the sponsors of the fights they televise.

"Continuity" is a big word in television. One of IBC's greatest sales arguments had been that, because of its monopoly—which gave it a very special hold on fight managers—it could guarantee a "continuity" of fights throughout the year. No other promoter could make such a guarantee. But with all its power, the continuity the IBC provided was mainly



IBC'S START came when Joe Louis sold it the prestige of the heavyweight title.

SAME

an uneven flow of mediocre fighters facing ill-matched opponents.

Aside from a continuity of dullness the IBC was able to guarantee the networks a reasonable number of championship fights in the course of a year because it controlled most of the champions. These championship bouts were highly important to the television industry. As Tom Gallery, NBC sports director, testified during the antitrust suit, an ordinary fight draws perhaps 19 million viewers whereas a big title fight can attract 40 million or more. The networks are willing to support the ordinary fights in order to get the title fights. Because of the inter-network competition they did not get them all—and they missed some of the best—but enough championship events were televised into the home to keep the sponsors moderately happy, or at least resigned to the fact that the IBC was the only store in town.

Now competition is beginning to set in.

This week, for instance, Competitor Bill Rosensohn, a former television man who had just signed Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson and No. 1 Challenger Ingemar Johansson for a title fight in June, got an offer which he hopes may lead to a network promotion contract. He did not name the network that made him the offer but it was known that he talked to ABC representatives directly after signing Patterson and Johansson.

"I have already been offered part of one network boxing show," Rosensohn said, "but I want more than a part. I'd like to take over boxing on an entire network. One network has offered me a chance to put on one fight a month but I want to put on a fight every week. No final decision was reached because I am also talking to representatives of the other network and I have to leave on a few weeks' trip around the country to pick a site for the heavyweight title fight."

Rosensohn had said earlier that he would use the Patterson-Johansson fight as "bait" to get a network show. Now his bait has brought him at least



IBC'S FINISH BEGAN WHEN CUS D'AMATO'S FLOYD PATTERSON WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP

a nibble, a clear indication that Norris has begun to lose whatever remains of his once mighty grip.

"But when we get down to serious discussions," Rosensohn continued, "I don't want to base my pitch on the Supreme Court decision. I would want to give the network and the sponsors a better package than they have been buying these past few years—better matchmaking, better fighters, more excitement every week and the heavyweight championship to boot."

Thus the International Boxing Club began to dissolve, though not in the tears of boxing men. Founded in January 1949, when Joe Louis resigned his heavyweight championship so that the IBC could run an elimination tournament to find, and grab firm hold of, his successor to the title, the organization eventually came to dominate boxing by tying the various champions to it with exclusive contracts. A challenger could not get a bout with a titleholder without contracting to fight exclusively for the IBC in case he should win. Thus the IBC perpetuated its control of the various titles. It grew so big and powerful that, until Manager Cus D'Amato came along with a young

fighter named Floyd Patterson, no one seriously challenged its power. But D'Amato, who had been humiliated by the IBC in his quest for recognition of Patterson, eventually hoodwinked it out of control of the heavyweight championship. Control of that title has traditionally spelled something resembling control of boxing. Control of it now may be the weapon to wrest Norris' remaining network from him.

It was not D'Amato alone, of course, who brought the IBC to its present state. Floyd Patterson had something to do with it by defeating Archie Moore for the title, though the IBC experts had been confident that Archie would take care of the stripling and Norris himself had bet large sums on Moore. But Patterson surprisingly came off his stool like a lithe young lion, astonished the old master by taking charge of the fight and knocked him out to become the first free heavyweight champion since the IBC was formed. D'Amato then picked a row with the IBC, though not without provocation, and announced a severance of relations.

Loss of the heavyweight championship was a shattering blow to

continued

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SAM SILVERMAN, HAPPY BOSTON PROMOTER, INDEPENDENTLY BUCKED THE IBC

BOXING Continued

Norris, who then started an unsuccessful campaign to persuade Rocky Marciano to come back, but the loss was not disastrous. The knockout punch was delivered by experts of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, who twice had to go to the Supreme Court to bring the IBC to heel—the first time to obtain permission to sue the IBC as a monopoly, the second time to obtain approval of Federal Judge Ryan's decree.

Judge Ryan is a man of charm, grace and wit but he is awfully tough-minded, too. His decree was one of the most severe ever handed down in an antitrust case. It was also just about the only way the Norris monopoly could have been ended.

Judge Ryan ordered Norris and Wirtz to dissolve the IBC and to dispose of their Garden holdings. This left them with Chicago Stadium and one ABC television network contract. Both the Garden and the Stadium were enjoined, for a period of five years, from promoting more than two championship fights in each calendar year. He ordered the compulsory leasing of the Garden and the Stadium, at reasonable rentals, for

the promotion of boxing contests "as long as [the two arenas] are owned or controlled by the defendants." Since Norris and Wirtz no longer own or control the Garden this order may not apply to Graham-Paige. Unexecuted IBC contracts "for the exclusive services of any boxer and for the promotion of more than two contests in any one calendar year" were declared null and void. So were exclusive leases with independently owned stadiums around the country.

This, as Judge Ryan himself noted, was "drastic" but he insisted that it was "required by the facts."

"Championship boxing was regarded by defendants as a business, engaged in solely for profit," he said. "For these profits defendants were bent upon a plan of monopolization to exclude all competition and leave them free to reap financial gains."

"The relief outlined herein is designed to put an end to the conspiracy; to deprive defendants of their present position in the market, which was attained through the conspiracy, and to destroy the monopoly which they created and seek to perpetuate. Professional championship boxing contests will be opened with television and radio broadcasting to legitimate and healthy competition."

This competition, he made clear, would then be possible between the Garden and the Stadium, since the Norris interests would be completely out of the Garden.

It takes a little time for a concept like that to penetrate the best minds on Stillman's Stoop, where a certain naive cynicism generally prevails. Ever since the Supreme Court decision last month, the sea lawyers of boxing have been holding to the theory that boxing still would be controlled by Norris through the use of stooges. The idea was that the Garden and the Stadium, once so intimately connected, would continue to work in friendly collusion. The idea spread from Eighth Avenue to Broadway, where Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen captioned: "Biggies in the International Boxing Corp. boat, outlawed by a recent Supreme Court decision, have completed plans to get around the legal blues." The same key men—Truman Gibson, Harry Markson, and Jim Norris—will continue to exercise control, although in a slightly different manner."

DON'T FORGET JUDGE RYAN

If they do, they will have Judge Ryan to deal with. The penalties for such collusion to circumvent a federal court order of this nature are potentially so severe that legitimate lawyers to whom this possibility was broached were astounded that it would cross anyone's mind. One penalty is imprisonment, and the term of imprisonment is at the discretion of the judge. There is no time limit.

Gibson and Norris will surely work together in the operation of Chicago Stadium. Harry Markson, hitherto IBC's managing director, may well continue to serve the Garden, since his experience in boxing goes back to the days of Mike Jacobs, and since Graham-Paige has indicated it has no "present" plans for changes in Garden personnel. But if Markson remains at the Garden you may be sure that he will be a true competitor of his old bosses. He has to be—or someday face the cold blue eye of Judge Ryan.

It may take months for the new situation to resolve itself. In the end, however, boxing will be a healthier, more honest, exciting and very probably a more profitable sport from the standpoint of fighters, managers and independent promoters. As for the fans, they'll see new faces and, once in a while, a really good fight. **END**



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A saga to reckon with

In California a fairy-tale horse has caught the fancy of all and risen to the top of his class

THE FIRST \$100,000 race of the 1959 season was a real dingdong, gang-busting scrap. It was the 12th running of the Santa Anita Maturity, the most prestigious and richest of all races for 4-year-olds (last Saturday's total purse came to \$177,150). Hillsdale, the newly adopted darling of West Coast racing, roared out of the gate at the top of the stretch and, under the astute handling of an obscure jockey named Thomas Barrow, immediately gave chase to Willie Shoemaker, who was aboard Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's Jewel's Reward. By the time these two horses reached the grandstand, the jam-packed crowd of more than 53,000 sensed that a nerve-wracking horse race was in the making.

From that point until they turned for home, it was a two-horse race between Hillsdale and Jewel's Reward, with Eddie Arcaro holding Warhead in a comfortable fourth position. But then Jewel's Reward faded and Warhead lost interest. Up on the outside from a trailing position burst Llangollen Farm's Royal Living, carrying 11 pounds less than Hillsdale's 123 and moving like an angry tailwind. Barrow, riding in the first 100-grander of his career, took the whip to Hillsdale, the first time he had ever struck the horse in the six times he has ridden him. Weary as he was, Hillsdale hung on for the last painful strides and crossed the finish line a winner by three-quarters of a length and richer by \$91,150. The saga of Hillsdale was now, without any question, one of the most unique and colorful success stories to pop up around any race track in years.

Last fall, when Hillsdale had wound up the season as one of the

very few sound 3-year-olds in the U.S., he had won seven of his 14 starts and \$123,665. Now he has won six straight stakes, four of them at Santa Anita, and increased his earnings to \$285,395. He has beaten Round Table, Jewel's Reward, Warhead and everything else in sight on the West Coast. Not bad for a colt that cost only \$25,000.

Hillsdale is owned by a jovial, smiling sports buff named Clarence W. (Smitty) Smith, who, among other things, is president of an engineering company he owns in Detroit. Smitty also owns a stable of young boxers, many of whom work at various odd jobs for him. Formerly a pro football player of no particular distinction, Smitty prefers the company of athletes and stable hands to the fancies around the turf club and will even bunk down in the stall with Hillsdale.

Smitty got into racing in 1947 when he bought a horse named Roscoe Goose for \$700 as a favor to a friend.

For years he had nothing but bum luck around the Midwest circuit. Then, early last year, he came to an important conclusion that he puts this way: "Don't ever own a cheap horse, because it's the most expensive thing you'll ever own." So Smitty commissioned a veterinarian friend of his to buy him something good. At the Fair Grounds track in New Orleans the vet saw Hillsdale, who had been foaled at the Evansville, Ind. farm of Mrs. Helen Kellogg. Smitty's friend gave Mrs. Kellogg \$25,000 for the colt, mainly because he liked his conformation.

SUCCESSFUL STRINGBEAN

The next problem for Smitty and his able trainer, Marty Fallon, was to find a top jockey for Hillsdale. When none of the big-name jocks showed any interest, the two men remembered a 26-year-old, 5-foot 5 1/2-inch stringbean named Tom Barrow, whose riding they had admired



OWNER SMITH GRINS CHEERFULLY AT HILLSDALE, HIS \$25,000 BARGAIN PURCHASE

around Detroit and New England. Barrow, of course, was delighted with the assignment, and he has ridden Hillsdale in his last five victories. Although he is now in his 11th year of riding, Barrow has never before appeared on the Arcaro-Shoemaker circuit, and were it not for Hillsdale he might be eating only part-time; of the 40 mounts besides Hillsdale that Barrow has had so far at Santa Anita, not one has come in, and he says with a shrug: "It don't look like I'm going to get any other winners either."

That Smitty, Fallon and Barrow were able to cash in on the Maturity last Saturday is due to a welcome change in the conditions of this rich 4-year-old race. Heretofore it accepted no supplementary nominations, so that many top runners who had not been named as yearlings were excluded. This year supplementary nominations were accepted for \$10,000, making it possible for both Hillsdale and Warhead to enter.

With this, his biggest victory, behind him, Hillsdale must now be reckoned as the handicap horse to watch through the rest of the winter season. After the San Antonio Handicap on February 14 comes the "big race"—the Santa Anita Handicap on February 28. There, Hillsdale, carrying a mere 115 pounds, will again face Round Table, who has to pack 132 over the mile and a quarter. Smitty and his friends could not be happier.

Early as it may be to evaluate the California-based 3-year-olds, my first impression is that there is quality—and plenty of it—at Santa Anita this winter. Although none of the five top prospects are actually California-bred, Santa Anita crowds have already adopted them as Westerners and established them as their leading candidates to dethrone that outstanding eastern colt, First Landing, who is now a heavy favorite to win the Kentucky Derby.

Among the fine California prospects for 1959 one inevitably thinks first of Fred Turner Jr.'s Tomy Lee, who made such a good impression in New York and New Jersey last fall while losing by a neck and then by a head to First Landing. Tomy Lee may have been a trifle short while losing his first start at seven furlongs two weeks ago, but Trainer Frank Childs has no doubts about his ability to travel as far as necessary for the classic distances. However, there are some who feel that Tomy Lee may not



OLE FOLS, A NEW 3-YEAR-OLD PACER, HUSTLES DOWN THE SANTA ANITA STRETCH

have filled out quite the way a maturing colt should have after his layoff, and that this deficiency will tell on him when the distances stretch out.

Tomy Lee's conqueror in the San Vicente Stakes was a truly handsome colt who carries on the tongue-twisting California tradition of slightly misspelled names. They call him Ole Fols. He and his stablemate, Finnegan, are definitely worth watching. Both are owned by Neil S. McCarthy, a lawyer and former high-goal polo player who is one of the most knowledgeable horsemen in California racing. Despite the fact that it was Ole Fols who turned the trick on Tomy Lee—with Finnegan third—it is Finnegan who may be the more likely distance prospect. Ole Fols, like Tomy Lee, is by Tudor Minstrel and was bred in England. In one of his first races of the year he used his great speed to set a new Santa Anita track record of 1:08 4/5 for six furlongs early in the meeting. At the seven-furlong San Vicente distance the advantage was all his over the come-from-behind runners. Santa Anita is a tough track on which to run down speed horses, for they are not inclined to tire in the firm footing. You have to go get them. That is why Finnegan attracted so much attention: in the San Vicente, although both Ole Fols and Tomy Lee were doing a lot of running in front of him, Finnegan was going strongly at them at the finish.

Another attractive 3-year-old here is Royal Orbit, trained by Reggie Cornell, who ran into such frustrations

last year with Silky Sullivan. Owned by Helena Gregory Braunstein, this is a Royal Charger colt, and hence of doubtful quality over a distance. So Cornell is biding his time before hooking him with too much early competition. Another promising colt—although untested locally—is Ray Bell's Getaway II, who shared top weight of 133 pounds in the Irish Free Handicap last year. A son of Solonaway, Getaway II will be brought along slowly.

Inasmuch as two of these five colts (Tomy Lee and Ole Fols) are by Tudor Minstrel and two (Finnegan and Royal Orbit) are by Royal Charger, it is worth noting that in England, where they both raced, Tudor Minstrel was considered a middle-distance runner and Royal Charger a sprinter. Tudor Minstrel won the Two Thousand Guineas in his year, while Royal Charger led in his Two Thousand Guineas (over a flat mile), then disappointed and finished third.

The real West Coast test will come on March 7 in the mile-and-an-eighth Santa Anita Derby. Tomy Lee, on his outstanding record as a 2-year-old, is already a clearly established quantity. If there is anything at Santa Anita to beat him at more than a mile, I would have to say it was Finnegan—who, incidentally, is named for McCarthy's trainer, Bill Finnegan. But is anything in California going to beat First Landing? That question will have to wait at least until the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on April 4, where East will first meet West in 1959. **END**

Young man on the way up

John Thomas, a 17-year-old with spring steel in his legs, set a world high jump record. But it's just a beginning

THE tall (6 feet 4½) youngster stood very still, his body slightly bent, right foot forward. The only sound in Madison Square Garden was the hum of the ventilation system struggling with the smoky air; the 15,000 people at the Millrose Games sat tensely. The bar on the high-jump standards was at seven feet, and no one, ever, anywhere, had high-jumped seven feet indoors before. The crowd waited.

When the boy began his run, his steps were clearly audible across the board floor—thup, thup, thup, thup, thupthupthup. He lifted hard, the long body coming up in an easy, clean motion, rolling briefly, then suddenly down and the bar firm on the standards at seven feet.

The crowd erupted in a volcano of noise. John Thomas looked up at the bar, at his world-record jump, then hopped in excitement, his usually phlegmatic face lit by a wide grin. He was to fail three times later at 7 feet 1½ inches but it didn't much matter. He was only 17, there was plenty of time.

Away from the circus atmosphere of the indoor track meets, John Curtis Thomas is a painfully shy Boston University freshman. His dormitory is Miles Standish Hall and as he left it one afternoon last week, a few days before his triumph in the Millrose Games, he acknowledged, with a diffident smile and a brief hand motion, the greetings of the students in the lobby. With a companion he crossed the street, slushy from a recent snow and went into the English Grill Room of the Hotel Kenmore.

He studied the menu carefully, item by item. Asked what his favorite dish was, he said, seriously, "I like food, period." Then he settled on steak, well done, a cup of split-pea

soup and a glass of milk. He considered clams briefly, asked the waitress if they were fried.

"No," she said.

"Raw?"

"Yes."

He shuddered. "No, thank you."

He was in the midst of final examinations. "I have two C's, so far," he said, around the steak. "Biology and speech. I got English, hygiene and psychology coming up. Psychology's the toughest. I'm not going to do very well in that exam. I don't understand the work."

Thomas was wearing a loose-fitting, dark gray tweed jacket—ivy league cut—a white shirt and a thin blue tie, firmly knotted. He is a handsome boy; his face is quiet and sensitive,

and the eyes are oddly mature. Told that Ed Flanagan, Thomas' coach, had said that he is sure to make the American team in the next Olympics, Thomas moved uncomfortably in his chair, embarrassed.

"It would be nice," he said. "I can't say for sure whether I will or not. A lot can happen. I don't know."

Gratefully, he left the Olympics as a topic of conversation. He reads a lot and, naturally, everything he can find on track. When he is not studying a track encyclopedia, he reads a book called *Evolution in Man* with enormous interest. He enjoys the movies. When he talks about music, his face is transformed from its customary thoughtful—almost melancholy—cast into the face of a happy boy. Progressive jazz, cha-cha-cha, sambas. "It's nice," he said happily.

Back in his room after lunch he put a Japanese record on his phonograph, filling the dark room with the tinkly

A WIDE GRIN splitting his usually solemn face, young John Thomas accepts the adulation which was his due when he cleared 7 feet for a world indoor mark.



precision of Japanese music. On the wall is a Japanese flag and an American flag and a Japanese print showing a hurdler with his feet and body coming ghostlike into the finish. Thorpe toured Japan with an American track team last summer, and he was enchanted by the country. "I wish you could see what it is like there," he said. "Everything is so different. I was so lucky to see it. I've never seen anything so pretty. Everything is small, as though it had been made up. The people are nice and friendly, and they come to track meets in the tens of thousands."

Thomas' interest in track began in high school, the famed Rindge Tech in Cambridge, Mass., whence came Olympic Champion Charlie Jenkins and many other track and field stars. "We knew we were going out for track," Thomas said, "because we were better at that than football or baseball." He credits his high school coach, Tom Duffy, with much of his development, but he feels that his style has profited from a training device he started under Flanagan, the field events coach at Boston University. Flanagan has him lifting 350-pound bar bells with his legs, and it has given him a good deal more power. He considers Flanagan an inspired coach and works for him with a sense of dedication and a firm belief that what Flanagan says is gospel.

He reviews Flanagan's precepts in the tense moments before he starts his approach for a jump.

"I try to tell myself just what I'm going to do. I tell myself about my faults and how I can correct them. I say 'John, you stop ducking your head into the bar. Stop kicking into it. Get parallel with it.' And other times I tell myself to practice. Practice. That's what corrects your faults, builds your body up."

He flicked off the record player. "You know when you've made a good jump," he said. "Everything closes down. You feel good. You know it's a good jump before you land."

Thomas takes occasional student jobs, such as working in the projection booth of the Visual Aids Department. In the summer he works at a boy scout camp called Quinapoxet in Rindge, N.H. He has 17 or 18 merit badges and is an Explorer scout. "There's fun in being a scout," he said. "Even if you are a man, it's fun. I like to camp out and cook over a fire and then just lie on the



CEILING UNLIMITED

Don Bragg, a handsome, extraordinarily muscular private from Fort Dix, broke through his personal ceiling in the pole vault and set a new Millrose Games record when he cleared 15 feet 6 1/2 inches. Bragg would like to play Tarzan in the movies, but only after he sets a new pole vault world record. "Last year they said I was a fat slob," he said, explaining his new, trim condition. They? "The critics," said PFC Bragg, looking ahead to his movie career, no doubt.

ground and talk to my friends or maybe just think."

Thomas works for the head chef at Camp Quinapoxet, a man named Bill Dalton. He speaks of Dalton with a warm affection. "When there's work to be done with old Bill," he said, "you get it done. But then when there's time to sit around and relax, it's cheerful. Sometimes he teases me like saying 'Now you watch out, John Thomas, you've been loafing of

late and I'm going to fire you.' You know that kind of teasing, nothing harmful, nothing you could feel hurt over."

Thomas thought about Bill Dalton a minute, then he looked up at the clock. "Gre," he said, "look at the time. Here I am daydreaming. I've got to get to practice."

He went off through the gray late day, walking very quickly with a springy stride.

END

Beaver trouble in Gatineau Park

Canada's national symbol matches wits with rangers and local citizenry in a friendly war between man and beast

ON OCCASION, the thing we love becomes a persistent nuisance, straining the emotions and bringing furrows to the brow. On this particular occasion it is the beavers of Gatineau Park, just across the river from Ottawa, the capital of Canada, where park officials are carrying on an odd form of creeping warfare designed to hold the beloved opposition in check but not wipe him out altogether. It is a campaign in which the attackers move against the fortifications of the enemy with small enthusiasm. But it has to be done because, as far as Gatineau Park is concerned, the furry Canadian national symbol has got entirely out of hand.

Fly over Gatineau Park's 72,000 acres and you see a magnificent, forested expanse peck-marked with denuded areas logged off by beavers. Penetrate the park on the ground and you encounter furious cottage owners who have suffered beaver damage in one form or another. Talk to park personnel and they will admit they are in a continuing fight to keep beavers from flooding roads, chopping up scenic areas or endangering property when their deserted dams collapse and cause flash floods.

Yet at the same time you learn that most Canadians have considerable affection for the very animals causing the damage. And well they might, for aside from being an interesting and engaging animal the beaver is responsible for the opening of the Canadian wilderness. It was the beaver's tawny hide that brought the trappers who paved the way for the settlers who built the Canadian nation. As a symbol the beaver is to Canada what the eagle is to the United States or the lion to England.

Gatineau Park with its hills and lakes is the pride of the Canadian capital. So far, 52,000 of its total acreage has been acquired by the Fed-

eral District Commission for development as a recreational showplace. There are four large lakes and 40 small ones. Trickling down its hill-sides through hundreds of ravines are innumerable small streams bordered by a rich growth of birch, maple, poplar, pine, oak and balsam. It is wonderful country for tourists and ideal for beavers. In fact, in the old days of the big fur trade Gatineau beaver pelts were generally considered to be the finest of all.

As the FDC continued to spend money to develop the park into a

scenic playground it became apparent that there were no beavers there. Park Ranger John Scott says that even when he took his job 18 years ago there wasn't a single beaver in the whole place. They had been trapped out decades before. The region once famous for fine furs was devoid of the species. The FDC took note of this and decided to do something about it. This was one place in Canada that should not be without beavers and, furthermore, the admirable and lovable animals would attract more tourists.

To everybody's delight, eight beavers were turned loose in the park in 1940, and the following year nine more were planted near Lake Fortune in the southeast corner of the park. In

ENDAGING CULPRIT REPAIRS ONE OF THE MANY DAMS IN THE RECREATION AREA



time they and their offspring were putting on aquatic shows for tourists on summer evenings. It was all a great success—but then it unexpectedly began to take on ominous aspects. Long before the FDC would admit it the beavers were causing official headaches. They spread over the park and beyond. Hugh Conn, now fur conservation expert for the Indian Branch of the Citizenship Department and Canada's greatest beaver authority, has traced individual beavers on journeys up to 65 miles.

Today the forests around Lake Fortunate have been destroyed, the trees felled by beavers or drowned in beaver lakes. But that was only the beginning. Beaver meadows dot the forest like mothholes. In the middle of the park there is a 15-mile stretch of almost unbroken beaver meadow, and the situation is getting worse.

This sounds grim, but to the park rangers and to others who understand the role of the beaver in a wilderness area it is merely a case of beavers and human beings wanting to use the same area at the same time. In a wild, unbroken forest beavers are great conservationists. It works this way:

A family of beavers moves into an area and builds a dam. This is done in the same manner that a human family would consult an architect and draw up plans for a home, except that the beavers don't need an architect.

The dam they build appears to be an ungainly structure, a massive tangle of logs, twigs, mud and leaves. But on closer study it proves to be a carefully designed thing which holds back thousands of tons of water yet keeps the lake at a constant level. If the water went through a single spillway floods would cause erosion and break a hole in the structure. To prevent this the beavers arrange the dam so that excess water trickles over the top in small amounts.

A COZY ROOM

Once the water level has been established the beavers build a lodge, a rough mound of logs and mud with an underwater entrance and a cozy room inside above the water level. Nearby they pile up a store of logs and branches as a food supply against the coming winter. This is why a constant water level is important to the

beavers. If it rises it will flood them out of their home. If it drops, their food supply will become frozen and snow-covered and they will starve. This is the very thing that makes them vulnerable in the current campaign. If the rangers can prevent the beavers from maintaining that water level the beavers will eventually go away and huddle somewhere else.

When a beaver lake is deserted the dam eventually breaks and the water drains off, leaving an open area in the forest where the soil has been enriched by silting. Saplings spring up and grow into trees nourished by the rich soil. The result is that the forest on the site of an old beaver meadow is richer and finer than before. This cycle is all very well in an uninhabited wilderness, but when the area is heavily used by people there is bound to be a conflict as the cycle progresses. This is the basis of the trouble in Gatineau Park.

The estimated total number of descendants of those original 17 beavers is 7,000. Most of these have spread over the surrounding countryside with the result that two years ago the Quebec government declared open season on beavers the year round. In the 52,000 acres of the park owned by the FDC the beaver population was 1,024 when the trapping season ended last December 1. During the season the FDC's rangers trapped 79, but the catch in the entire Gatineau Park area, including those trapped by farmers and others to protect roads and crops, was about 300.

Beavers are trapped in the park only when their operations become an absolute menace. But they can become a menace rather easily, for beaver work is done on an astonishing scale. Ranger Scott can take you to well-engineered beaver dams holding back lakes up to 35 acres in extent. Furthermore, since these engineers of the animal world build their dam to maintain an exact water level, they will leave no log unmoved in order to keep the level. This has led to a strange struggle between man and beast.

When the beavers build a dam in a threatening location the rangers tear a hole in the structure each day. They can't tear down the dam entirely because a flood would result and, besides, the beavers would only build it right back again. Their scheme is to tear down a little more than the beavers can rebuild in one night. Some-

continued

RANGERS GO TO WORK ON DAM BUILT BY BEAVERS IN REGION USED BY TOURISTS



times the two-sided project goes on for several weeks, with the rangers tearing down in the daytime and the beavers building up at night.

For the heavers it is a losing battle. Eventually they give up and move to some other stream. If they build their dam where it will cause no harm they are left alone.

"That's what the rangers want them to do," says Park Superintendent Robert Elwood Edey. "They would much rather drive them away than kill them. We like beavers."

But if the critters keep moving to bad spots they eventually have to be trapped. At present the trapping is done only in the autumn. But more and more sectors are becoming danger spots as more roads and cottages

and causes a flood which can do heavy damage. In 1957 one of the main roads of the park was washed out in this manner. Last year, east of Ottawa and outside the park, a lumber company's train struck a 50-foot washout and was derailed, injuring 25 lumbermen. It was the biggest piece of beaver mischief of the year.

To illustrate the beaver's engineering skill Conn recalled a case in which the government wanted to create an artificial lake where muskrats could breed. Engineers were sent out to find the best possible site for a dam. Then Conn asked if he could take over. He planted a pair of beavers at the spot. They constructed a dam, saving the government several thousand dollars and, furthermore, the tummy beavers built it only seven feet from a hench mark left by the engineers. Conn's comment was, "Seven feet off! Fire the engineers."

Such acts as these endear the Canadian symbol to the people. The Gatineau beavers have become bold and often build their lodges inside boathouses on the lake. Frequently they even go over to Ottawa for a visit. This usually happens during the mating season when beaver couples do their courting in rivers. They swim down the Gatineau River into the Ottawa River, and some have even showed up in the Rideau River in the middle of the city. Last fall a pair climbed out of the Rideau and reached Ottawa's city hall.

Some visitors to Ottawa are aged beavers which have been kicked out of the family. Their teeth have become too bad to enable them to build their own dams, and they live in makeshift homes on lakes and in river banks. Last year one of them picked the steep bank of the Ottawa River right underneath the Parliament buildings. It was chased back into the river, as are most beavers that turn up in the city.

Still more determined was another beaver visitor to Parliament Hill last summer. It was a young one and was apparently lost. It managed to crawl all the way up the slope from the river and was discovered chewing placidly on a twig in the shadow of Queen Victoria's statue, unmindful of the cars whizzing by. It refused to be chased and had to be dragged back to the river by the tail.

Now temperatures have dropped to 31 below in the park and are bound to go lower. The snow is deep and the thin trickles that seep through

the beaver dams last fall have been stilled. The dams are frozen solid, great snow-covered barriers of twigs and logs and ice and frozen mud. Behind them the beaver lakes are merely dead expanses of white. Up the slopes the stumps of trees felled by beavers protrude through the snow. Now and again a deer or a wolf, the latter driven south by the winter, appears at the edge of a lake.

But more often it is a park ranger who comes by but doesn't disturb the beavers snuggling close to each other inside their lodges. The winter truce between the rangers and the beavers is on, but the rangers are making plans for the summer campaign. They examine the positions of the dams, check the amount of water in the lakes and estimate its effect should the dam break. Where



WELL-CHURNED TREE shows how beavers do their work in forests of Gatineau Park.



TAILED BEAVER strikes snuggling pose with Ranger John Scott and his assistant.

are built for the summer pleasure of Ottawans. As many as 13,500 persons drive through the park on a nice weekend. While tourist numbers are increasing, so are beaver numbers, and so many dams will be built that the rangers won't be able to tear them down. Park officials fear that it may be necessary to trap beavers from spring through autumn.

Abandoned beaver ponds are particularly hazardous. After creating a pond the beavers will use it for five years or so. When the surrounding trees have been cut for food and to repair the dam, and when the pond has become silted, they move away and build a new dam somewhere else. Without the furry repairmen on hand the dam weakens, suddenly breaks

the prospect looks ominous they mark the dam for gradual destruction when winter is over.

As a postscript to the struggle between man and his friend it was learned that the Canadian embassy has offered some of the Gatineau beavers to the National Zoo in Washington, D.C. When the project is completed the beavers will be installed in the zoo's reconstructed beaver valley. There will be only five or six of them at most, so it will not even make a dent in the Gatineau Park population, but a friendly warning comes from the nation to the north. The zoo people had better make sure those beavers are safely confined or else they may soon be out chewing down cherry trees you know where. **END**



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'The people's broth'

Cabbage soup, a famed specialty of the Paris food market, can be just as good at home

A NEWS STORY out of Paris the other day had it that President de Gaulle, busy streamlining the French economy, was planning to abolish Les Halles, the great central food market of Paris, as being antiquated and inefficient. Progress must be made. And no doubt the needs of today's population will be better served by a modern, decentralized market system. But a legion of Americans—and Paris visitors of every other nationality—will mourn the passing of Les Halles, where a restorative plate of cabbage soup or onion soup tasted so wonderfully satisfying at dawn after late revels.

Not the least of the charms of this market were the marketmen, husky and hale, smelling of hay, joking, singing and imbibing soup as they started their day's work.

*Soupe aux choux,
Bouillon démocratique,
Perdreau truffé
Du Boulevard St. Germain.*

"Cabbage soup, the people's broth, the truffled partridge of the Left Bank"—so runs a rough translation of one verse of an old French army song.

Well, cabbage soup can taste just as fresh and invigorating for supper here as it did in the wee hours at Les Halles. I never found out exactly how the classic was made there, but the recipes given at right are both Gallic and both satisfactory. Even people who habitually dislike cabbage (English Author P. Morton Shand writes, "There is obscenity in the very word") should accept these preparations as uncabbagey and verdant delights. Nutritionists in recent years have advocated the quick cooking of cabbage as beneficial to the retention of vitamins. The quick cooking also means everything to the taste and appearance, not to mention the smell, of the vegetable—as the best French cooks have known for centuries.

Cabbage soup, properly made, is almost a meal in itself, and he who eats it for a light supper never misses meat. It is therefore, for many, a dish especially worth considering at the beginning of Lent.

Cabbage cooked green takes fresh butter (not bacon or lard) boiled with it and, if cheese is used, freshly grated Gruyère or Parmesan (not grated cheese bought in a package). Both of the soups described below are prettiest if made with green savoy cabbage, ruffled like a Dior petticoat. They are best served with hot croûtes of bread (SI, Jan. 26).

QUICK SOUPE AUX CHOUX (serves four)

I learned about this soup many years ago from the redoubtable chef of the Normandie, the late Magrin. He remarked that he liked to make it for himself, for he had learned the recipe from his little mother. This dish, shown in the photograph on the opposite page, can be prepared in half an hour.

1½ medium cabbage, in one piece ½ cup heavy cream
4 peeled medium potatoes salt and pepper
4 cleaned leeks butter the size of a walnut

Core cabbage. Cut cabbage and potatoes into large dice, and cut leeks into sections about the same size. Throw into 1½ quarts rapidly boiling water and cook until tender (15 or 20 minutes). Then, over low heat, add cream and butter cut in small bits. Season to taste and serve.

GARBURE (for six)

Garbure makes a heartier meal than the foregoing soupe aux choux. Preparation should be started about ¾ of an hour before serving. It must cook very quickly and taste very fresh.

1 medium head green cabbage ½ pound butter or more
3 medium onions for purée 1½ cups bread crumbs
1 small onion stuck with 2 cloves large pinch marjoram
6 peeled young carrots 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper large pinch savory
1½ cups freshly grated Parmesan or Gruyère cheese

First cut up and boil the three onions in a little salted water till soft, and press through a sieve to make a purée. Separate the cabbage leaves, discard any bad leaves and rinse the good ones under cold water in a colander; then pour unsalted boiling water through them. Slice the carrots lengthwise into three parts.

Bring 2 quarts of salted water to a brisk boil in a very roomy pot over highest heat; throw in carrots, the onion stuck with cloves, and the black pepper. Boil for 10 minutes. Add cabbage leaves and cover pot, but remove the cover to turn the leaves occasionally during the next 5 minutes of boiling. Now add onion purée and ½ pound of butter cut in bits. Continue boiling over high heat for 5 more minutes, turning leaves over once. Remove from fire and drain (reserving broth).

Butter an ovenproof serving tureen and sprinkle with grated cheese. Arrange cabbage leaves to line the interior and sprinkle the leaves with bread crumbs. Then arrange the rest of the cabbage leaves in layers alternating with layers of grated cheese, bread crumbs and dots of butter to fill the tureen ¾ full. The top layer should be cabbage leaves encased with the carrot lengths. The onion, cut into pieces, can be tucked in anywhere.

Over the whole arrangement pour the hot broth left from cooking the cabbage. Stir in the herbs and sprinkle lightly with cheese. Place in oven, preheated to 450°, for 5 minutes. Remove from oven, place under broiler to brown the top and serve immediately.

On and off the fairways

On the circuit, missed putts cost money, so the search for the perfect putter is endless

TO GET an accurate description of what a golfer really believes the perfect putting instrument should be, go to the dictionary and look under the word "fetish." The definition goes something like this: "An object supposed to possess magical powers or to be endowed with energies or qualities capable of bringing to successful issue the designs of the owner."

These are high standards of hopefulness and, despite continued and

thick. The variations, however, are endless: Cash-in, Bull's Eye (formerly the Rocking Chair), Blue Goose, His Own, Troon, Caliente, Jackpot, Gold-boy, Axaline and Jet Line are some of the names attached to the more popular brands.

This year it seems that constant putter-switching is in for an unprecedented surge because each of the first four events of the winter was won by a man who had just switched to a new implement. Ken Venturi won the Los Angeles Open wielding, for the first time in competition, a model of his own design, built somewhat along the lines of the well-known Cash-in. It features a brass blade

per discarded his old mallet-head putter and fired a final round 67 with the Axaline. He stayed with the new weapon long enough to miss three three-foot putts in the San Diego pro-am and now he employs a putter with a Bull's Eye head on a five-iron shaft.

The Bing Crosby was won by saturnine Art Wall, using a new putter, and the Thunderbird Invitational by Arnold Palmer, putting with an old blade attached to a new, outsizedly thick shaft. Wall, long considered something of a touring eccentric because he remained slavishly loyal to the same old battered blade he had been given in 1945, suddenly decided to cast aside 13 years of tradition and won his first tournament of the year playing with a malleable aluminum-headed, glass-shafted Troon mallet putter.

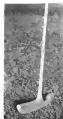
"Maybe I made a mistake in not going to this mallet sooner," Wall admits. "I may stay with it now."

In a variation of the orthodox switch, Palmer audaciously yanked the old shaft out of his flanged blade putter and, midway through Thunderbird, substituted a thick wooden shaft that has about as much "touch" as a broom handle. It worked, however, and Palmer, thanks to only 24 putts on the final day, shot a 62 to win the event by three strokes.

Currently, though the Bull's Eye (a blade-type used by about 25% of the field) is still the most popular putter on the tour, the trend seems to be definitely in favor of mallet heads. "With a mallet," says Jimmy Demaret, "you can mis-hit the ball a little and still get a good roll."

Fred Hawkins, determined to have the final, iconoclastic word, is cynical about this whole, frantic switching business. "I use a blade," he says, "but I don't think it makes too much difference what kind of putter you use. If you have a good putting stroke you'll putt well. If you don't, then switching from one putter to another won't help very much in the long run."

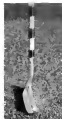
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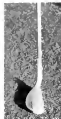
VOSSLER'S
AXALINE



VENTURI'S
PERSONAL



PALMER'S
BROOM



WALL'S
TROON

feverous searching, few such perfect golf clubs are ever found. Those that do turn up seem, strangely, to lose their powers within a few weeks. As a natural result, especially on the professional circuit where missed putts often cost a great deal of money, a serious, sophisticated competitor will change his putter almost as often as he will his socks. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there is a tremendous selection of putters from which to make a choice.

There are, broadly speaking, two basic types of putters: the blade, in which the head is a half-inch thick—or less; and the mallet, so called because the head may be anywhere from one-half inch to three inches

with a slight goose neck that enters the blade about 3/4 of an inch from the heel. Ken is pretty well satisfied, especially after his final round 63 at L.A., that his putter has the magic power all right. What he needs now is a socko name to create brand image and pep up sales.

The tour's second event at Tijuana was won by Ernie Vossler, who had abandoned his mallet putter for this particular tournament and was using an Axaline, a chunky, brass-blade putter that concentrates a lot of weight in the head. Billy Casper, one of golf's finest putters, has also become an ardent switcher and used the Axaline for a brief period. After the third round at Thunderbird, Cas-



Tip from the Top

DICK MAYER, Irvine Coast Golf Club, Corona del Mar, Calif.

Positioning yourself for breaking putts

WHEN YOU ARE playing undulating greens, you would do well to make certain modifications in the way you address the ball. On putts where the ball will be breaking from right to left off a definite roll, it is a good habit to bring the ball back a bit from the position (inside the left heel) where most people usually play it. When you play the ball more toward the center of the stance, it will then be spotted at the lowest part of the arc—which is where it should be in order for the golfer to make a solid delivery of the putter head. The player's center of gravity is changed subtly when he faces a right-to-left roll in the green, and moving the ball back an inch or so adapts his putting motion to this change.

Now, conversely, when you are facing a putt which breaks from left to right, the center of gravity shifts a shade forward. To offset this change in your center of gravity and the arc of your stroke, you should move the ball forward about an inch.

The thing not to do on rolling greens is to vary your stroke, cutting and pulling the ball off the contours, as poor and baffled golfers do. Just change the position of the ball and use your regular stroke, and this will do the job neatly and completely.



Above: standard position of ball and feet



Left: adjustment for right-to-left breaks



Right: adjustment for left-to-right breaks

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Counting (11), (12) and (13) yields p -adic norm bounds for α and β and thereby for $\alpha + \beta$ and $\alpha - \beta$. In the case of $\alpha + \beta$ we have

[10] J. J. O'Regan, *Journal of Mathematical Analysis and Applications*, vol. 158, no. 2, pp. 429–443, 1991.

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Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFELER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: *Even though I am a regular skier, I am tired by midafternoon on the slopes. How can I keep up my energy?*

SKIERS tire themselves out by trying to pack too much skiing into their weekends. (A survey by U.S. instructors revealed that, on the average, American skiers—largely students, housewives and office workers—run a total of 15 miles on downhill trails per day!) Then they tire themselves by going on steep trails where they fall, get up, and use four times the energy they would on a safe, successful run on a trail their own speed. Finally, they ignore the rules of preparation and of conserving energy.

As a result their reflexes are slowed, their sense of balance dulled and their chances of injury doubled. This does not mean, however, that the average weekenders cannot spend a full day on the slope. Quite the contrary. Below I have outlined the nine best ways to save energy so that any intermediate can make 15 downhill miles per day.

ONE: Take on a regular set of exercises such as those in my article (SI, Nov. 25, 1957) or the Bonnie Prudden series. Then keep doing exercises right through the season.

TSO: Fuel up for the day by eating a good breakfast. This means juice, eggs or meat, toast and milk, at a minimum. Hot cereal, too, if you have room.

THREE: Warm up before your first run. A half dozen toe touches, side bends and knee bends, plus three minutes of climbing uphill on your skis will limber your muscles and stimulate your circulation so that you are loose and confident for the first run.

FOUR: Take ski lessons. Keep taking lessons until you can ski the beginner slopes *well*. Then take some more until you can ski the intermediate slopes *well*. Until you are a good intermediate, you need classes to teach you the proper place and pace for your ability. No good instructor overtures his class.

FIVE: Skiing out of class, use judgment in picking trails. If you don't

you lose your confidence and with it your technique. So save your main workouts for slopes that give you no trouble. This way you can concentrate on style. When you feel confident, take on a slightly harder slope, still trying for style. Finally, go back to the easy slope for your last runs. And remember, everyone should expect to take a few falls during the day. However, if you fall often during each run, take a lesson. You can learn much more in a class than you can digging your way out of the woods bordering the expert trails.

SIX: Once a morning and once an afternoon, stop, take off your slippers, and sit down to a warm drink—bouillon, coffee or tea with plenty of sugar, or hot chocolate. I favor tea laced with honey or sugar; and I find the next run after a tea break is twice as much fun as two runs on tired legs would have been.

SEVEN. Make lunch a project. Take a full hour but don't overeat. A big load of bread or French fries can get very heavy about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Instead, concentrate on hot, bland, nongreasy, high-energy foods like bouillion, broth, chicken or other tender meat, raisins, dates, oranges, ice cream; and drink some Coke, tea, milk or hot chocolate. For an added lift, eat a candy bar. Leave your flask at home; liquor leaves you tired and cold. After your meal, take a rest, seated or lying down, for 15 minutes. A one-hour lunch break can add two hours to the time you ski well during the day.

EIGHT: When you think you have just enough strength left for one more run, don't take that run. More people are hurt on the last-gasp run than on any other.

NINE: Although ski parties are fun, get to bed by midnight, or resign yourself to a morning of poor skiing and probably an early afternoon departure on Sunday. **END**

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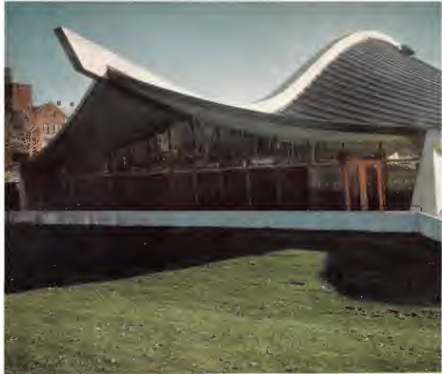


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Yale's Whale

ICE HOCKEY has never had as provocative a setting as Yale's new \$14 million David S. Ingalls Rink, shown here in all its curvilinear splendor. Named for an old Yale hockey star (and father of a current one) who is now one of Ohio's first citizens, the spectacularly unorthodox building is from the board of Architect Eero Saarinen. It has inspired many campus flippancies, such as "the wounded whale," but it is undoubtedly a superb arena for hockey and pleasure skating. The girderless interior permits unobstructed viewing.

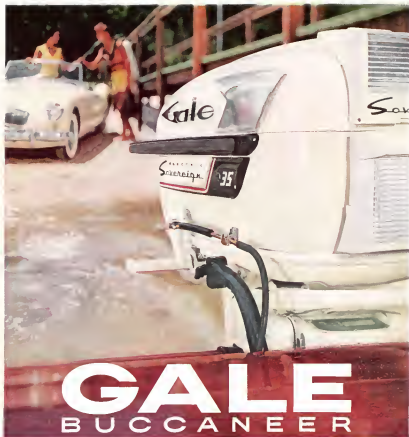
Photographs by Jerry Cooke

DOORS AND PILLARS have sturdy, functional simplicity. These and other entries admit 2,300 persons for hockey, about 5,600 for other events when the ice is not used.

BOLIVY SHAPED, Yale's Ingalls rink has an enormous roof of black plastic, supported by a wood decking attached to suspension cables, and an imposing concrete wall structure.

A GREAT ARCH, the concrete spine of the building, looms over the playing surface. Cables supporting the roof are strung between the arch and side walls. The lighting is fluorescent.





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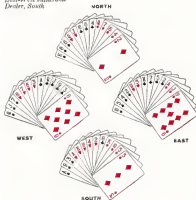


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A good code can be cracked

BRIDGE is a game not only of intelligence but also of counterintelligence. The following espionage episode involves a double cross that should not have succeeded. The code in which the defenders were communicating was known to the declarer—and the defenders knew that their messages were being intercepted. West should have looked for signs that his partner's communiqué had been tampered with. Let us say that South deserved an award of merit and West merited a summary court-martial.

East-West vulnerable
Dealer, South



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	1 NO TRUMP	PASS
2♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
3♥	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: diamond 8

Though some critics might carp at the manner in which the contract was reached, I personally know of no better way. At any rate, that was the way it happened. While five diamonds could be made with a finesse for the diamond jack, that play is not indicated in view of the combined holding of nine cards in the suit.

No one at the table could have had the slightest doubt

that West's diamond opening was a singleton lead. East's only problem was to tell his partner what suit to return after West had ruffed the second diamond; meanwhile, South laid his plan to scramble the enemy's communications. So, when East won the first lead with the ace of diamonds, declarer followed suit with the 5.

The code used by defenders in this situation is a simple one. The player who knows his partner is going to ruff chooses a high card for his lead if he wants to be put back with the higher of the two remaining side suits; he leads a low card if his re-entry lies in the lower suit.

But when East returned his low card—the diamond 9—to suggest a club return, South obscured the message by following with the diamond 10. West trumped the trick and assumed that his partner held the missing 3-spot and had led his higher diamond to signal that his re-entry was in spades. West therefore led the queen of spades and South easily made his contract, drawing trumps and discarding a loser on dummy's fifth diamond.

While West was the victim of South's delicate counterintelligence work, his real guilt was in letting an ambiguous signal override everything that simple bridge intelligence should have told him. No matter what East's message seemed to say, that player simply could not hold the ace of spades. Unless South held that card, his bidding—enterprising enough as it was—would have been sheer insanity opposite a partner whose first response had indicated a weakish hand.

Without the ace of spades, South could not have bid as he did; but he might possibly have done so lacking the king of clubs. Therefore, whether or not he fathomed South's ruse, West should have returned a low club. The desperate chance that East held the club king was the only real chance the defense had to defeat the contract. And, as the cards were dealt, this low club lead would have done the job. East would win with the king and give West another diamond ruff, for the setting trick. Thereafter, the fact that the club ace would not live was a blow the defenders could bear without great suffering.

EXTRA TRICK

With length in the opponents' trump suit, a singleton is rarely the preferred lead, especially a singleton lead into a suit the declarer has bid. As the cards were placed, the singleton would set the hand with perfect defense—because East held the king of clubs. But against a spade opening lead, declarer, even if he held the king of clubs, would have to guess the diamond situation in order to make his contract. And by not leading his singleton West would have made it difficult for declarer to guess the distribution of the diamond suit.

large measure of good sportsmanship, which each team practiced with only rare exceptions. Once, Russia's tall, slender Victor Zubkov went up for a rebound and Brazil's tall, rugged Amaury Passos slammed into him, needlessly, like an aspiring sophomore lineman into a tackling dummy. As Zubkov crumpled to the floor, Passos yanked him back to his feet, grabbed him around the neck and kissed him twice on the cheek. Zubkov acknowledged the gesture with a wide grin, and exactly 30 seconds later repaid it in kind. Passos dribbled the ball upcourt, spurred into a typical, heedless power drive, and Zubkov gave him the knee, hip and shoulder all at once. Nearly every inch of Passos hit the floor at the same time, but Zubkov was on him immediately, brought him erect and hugged him like an impatient groom alone with his bride for the first time. Passos, of course, hugged back. Needless to say, the referees called the fouls the wrong way both times.

BETTER THAN HIGH SCHOOL

Much of all this was true of the play and the officiating in the Russia-U.S. game. Between the halves, U.S. Coach Buzz Bennett, an earnest young man but hardly closer to first-rank as a coach than his players, tried to goad his men to better performances by saying, "Don't you guys realize that's a high school team you're playing against? Maybe some of those Russians couldn't even play on one of our good high school teams."

He was not being fair to the Russians, many of whom could easily play on our better college teams, but he was accurately describing the quality of basketball his own team was displaying. They made one basket and a total of five points in the first 10 minutes, all of five baskets and 14 points in the first half. They were never ahead, never in the game at all.

The Russians used a zone defense when their 7-foot-3 Ivan Kruminsh was in the game and man-to-man when he wasn't. And both defenses stopped the Americans cold. They had no attack except desperation drives, and wild shooting. Only a fair defense (the Russian attack wasn't much, so you cannot give the Americans much credit for Russia's low score, either), the rebounding of rugged Bob Hodges and the defensive job Henry McDonald did on Kru-

minsh, kept the game from being more of a rout than it was.

After the holocaust, the Russian coach, Stephan Spandarian, said, "we won because we did what we planned to do." If he would really like it to be conceded that the Russians won because of anything they did, he will have to concede, himself, that the U.S. team, the AAU, the State Department and the American people gave him and his team a lot of help.

There can be no doubt that the Russians were the best in Santiago. However, they stuck to their political principles, condemned though this attitude was by the rest of the delegations, and refused to "recognize the

existence" of China's Nationalist government by playing its team. This cost them the official title, because they surely would have beaten the undersized and undermanned Chinese and thus have amassed enough points to win. Instead, Brazil, probably the second-best team, is the new world champion. They finished with 11 points to 10 for the U.S. Russia's score was reduced to zero by the International Amateur Basketball Federation as penalty for defaulting.

This same Russian team will be coming to the United States in the fall for a series of games with American all-stars. Any volunteers? Anybody interested?

END

SOLID SOVIET TEAM (DARK SHIRTS) OUTPLAYED U.S. ALL THE WAY, WON EASILY 87-37





WHITHER THE CUP?

When 'Sceptre' died in Newport's breezes last September, many thought that the America's Cup died with her. But yachting's greatest trophy is very much alive, as this inside story reveals

by CARLETON MITCHELL

AFTER it was all over and *Sceptre* had been hauled away like a dead bull from a corral, Harry Sears best summed up the late-September events off Newport as "a horrible anti-climax to a great yachting season."

Four months have passed, other events have appeared and disappeared from the headlines, but the many questions raised by the one-sided contest for the historic America's Cup still linger. What could have happened that Britain could not produce a better representative? Why, after the four American boats raced so evenly, would *Sceptre* be so far behind in potential speed? And, above all, after this overwhelming defeat and disappointment, what will happen to the 12-meter class in particular and the America's Cup in general?

As to the future of the cup, it seems assured that a challenge will be forthcoming. Sooner than anyone had dared to hope, many indications have reached this country from London in recent days that prospects of a challenge are very much in the wind. As will be detailed later, things are

stirring on both sides of the Atlantic.

But before attempting to evaluate the future it is well to look into the immediate past, without rancor and without belittling the high sportsmanship or sincerity of the British effort. *Sceptre* was a bad boat; but that does not mean that American design is invincible. Smaller British and Scandinavian meter boats have won their share of international trophies over the past years. David Boyd himself has turned out winning sixes, and other Empire designers have produced excellent vessels of all types, including ocean racers.

The question is: What happened in the design of *Sceptre*? And that question can now be answered in some detail.

From the first, reports coming out of England indicated an attention to detail, a meticulous striving for perfection which seemed to make the 17th challenge the most serious on record. Here was to be no casual pink-tea approach, but a businesslike effort, with affairs in the hands of real sailors and victory the unswerving goal. I confess sharing this con-

viction even after sailing aboard *Sceptre* on the Solent in May.

Yet apparently much of this was mere lip service to an ideal or, perhaps worse, complete lack of comprehension of what thorough preparation involved. It now appears the basic damage had been done and the British effort doomed on July 13, 1957, when the committee in charge of tank tests recommended to the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate the B hull of David Boyd, after towing the models of eight yachts by four designers against each other and against the prewar *Flica II*. In theory, this impersonal method of selection seemed the best alternative to building several full-scale vessels, and the only criticism heard in the early stages was that the tank had been used purely to establish an order of merit and not later to perhaps refine and improve the chosen hull.

But after the debacle at Newport, I was informed on good authority that the nine models went through a total of only 41 hours of testing—500 runs of five minutes each—in the tanks at Saunders-Roe on the Isle of



AMERICAN FANS OF THE BRITISH CHALLENGER WERE DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT, BUT THEIR SPORTING SPIRIT LIVES ON

Wight. Allan Murray, director of the Experimental Towing Tank at Stevens Institute in New Jersey, which tested the American designs, commented: "We would feel we could hardly compare and evaluate two hulls in that time. It takes 18 to 20 hours to establish data on a single model, towing in an upright position and at three angles of heel—10°, 20° and 30°. In all, we were working with the designs of Olin Stephens, Phil Rhodes and Ray Hunt just about a year." Tank tests of *Columbia* began in April and were still continuing in November to establish such points as ballasting when construction of the vessel was already under way.

NEXT, it was reported the reason that the unsuccessful *Fiva II* had been used as a yardstick was because the blueprints of *Tonawack*, a design by the late Charles Nicholson, had been lost through wartime bombing. But *Tonawack* herself, which had given *Viv* real competition on the Solent in '39, was sailing in the Mediterranean, having been sold to Italy a couple of years before a chal-

lenge in 12s was contemplated. She could have been bought back as a trial horse, or her lines taken off as a point of departure.

Also, it was frequently mentioned that economic circumstances dictated the construction of but a single challenger. This too was understandable and was sympathetically received. Yet, as a friend said in London, "there was plenty of money available to build more than one boat." It is more probable the real fault lay with the attitude of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which issued the challenge. The deed of gift states, "Any organized yacht club of a foreign country . . . shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this cup," and from then on mentions only the rights and responsibilities of a club. Individuals do not count. Therefore, after the Royal Yacht Squadron had challenged, it was the sole arbiter of who should represent it in Newport. Naturally, only a member's yacht would be considered, and, unfortunately, membership is strictly limited by social considerations. Yachting skill—or inter-

est—has little to do with admission. So, when the challenge became the responsibility of this sacred body, every other club and every British yachtsman not entitled to wear the White Ensign was automatically ruled out. Feeling "now it can be told," I was assured a year ago that had some other organization with a broader membership base handled the challenge there would have been two and perhaps three other boats built in England. While there is always the possibility of intent not crystallizing into reality, I believe, in this case, the rumor to be true.

After *Sceptre* completed her first race against *Columbia*, grave deficiencies in her planning became apparent. I was telephoned by a member of *Sceptre's* afterguard, for example, that same evening and asked if I would approach John Matthews of *Viv* and Henry Mercer of *Weatherly* to see if a drifting genoa could be borrowed. It had been painfully clear during the afternoon that the challenger lacked proper sails for light air. From study of past records and

continued

observations the previous fall, the British assumed fresh winds would be the rule off Newport in late September but forgot that exception proves the rule. Anywhere in the world at any time of year there can be periods of calm—even on the English Channel. Yet *Screeper* had nothing in her locker to cope with faint breezes and a hobbie of a sea.

I BELIEVE it was the combination of these varied factors which produced a vessel so unworthy of a great maritime people. The trouble seems to have been a matter of misplaced emphasis rather than lack of basic skill and know-how. Certainly Graham Mann and his crew acquitted themselves well in tactics, sail handling and other departments which could be judged despite such a vast difference in hull speed. It is hard to have a contest between competitors almost lost to sight of each other. During one race, a young lady aboard the spectator vessel from which I watched stated it neatly by saying: "If you want to see *Columbin* go to the bow, if you are looking for *Screeper*, take your binoculars and go to the stern."

Following the final match, David Boyd was quoted as saying that before trying again he would ask for a look at the lines of *Columbin*. Asked about this, Olin Stephens commented, "I took it more as a graceful compliment than a specific request. Frankly, I would prefer not to make drawings available but perhaps would, if asked by responsible levels of the competing clubs, as something good for the sport." Yet it is obvious Olin thinks such an action would be a comedown for foreign designers, nor does he believe it necessary. "Producing a good hull through testing is not really complicated. You just have to keep working and working and working at it. All I did was to take *Vim* and keep on trying to improve her." In his opinion, any 12-meter hull could have been used as a point of departure providing tests were carried out systematically over a long enough period.

There are those who profess knowing *Screeper* would be a failure as soon as they saw her hauled in Newport, which truly makes us a nation of experts. But Rod Stephens, uncompromisingly honest in his summations, told me after the matches neither he nor Olin thought anything in advance but that they were going to

have a tough battle. Even after the first race, although realizing *Columbin* was faster in light air, "we did not," he said, "assume superiority in all other conditions." Nevertheless, I felt a stab of amazement when I first stood below and analyzed *Screeper's* shape. The apple bow, bulbous keel section, sharply raked rudder, scant lateral plane, slack bilges—all were radically different from American practice. It was possible David Boyd had produced the breakthrough hull, but I felt, as did Briggs Cunningham, during the celebration which followed *Columbin's* selection as the defender: "One of us has to be wrong." Unspoken was the conviction that Olin Stephens, who had turned out an even faster boat than *Vim*, would not be the one in error. (Curiously, history was repeating itself: when *America* went to the Solent in 1851, the British vessels were the traditional "cod's head and mackerel tail" in shape—full and bluff of bow, with a long, tapering run. The Yankee design was extremely sharp forward—even "hollow" at the waterline—and very powerful aft. And the aged Marquis of Anglesey, taken out for a look at the invader, exclaimed: "If she be right, then all of us are wrong!")

For any future challenge it is essential that more than one boat be built. Trial races provide a basis for comparison and means of improving boats and crews which can be achieved no other way. Another *Screeper* must not

be allowed to happen. The sporting British are the first to realize this. Wilson Stephens, editor of *The Field*, wrote Captain Franklin Ratsey of Cowes after the defeat: "I myself feel that the Americans are deserving of sympathy. Apart from everything they did by way of hospitality and by way of consideration in altering the deed of gift to help us challenge, they themselves must have spent many hundreds of thousands of pounds in building three new potential defenders, working up a fourth and holding the very intensive elimination trials to decide which boat would have the honor of defending. After all this they are entitled to a contest, which they did not get. Indeed, they are left with the positive certainty a) that it was not necessary to build a new defender at all, since the existing *Vim* would have done the job very handsomely, b) that the worst of the would-be defenders and the first to be eliminated would have been quite adequate to the task. It is difficult to see how we can put these people to so much trouble and expense again, unless we can offer them the assurance that they are going to have something worthwhile against which to race. . . . One is left with the impression that this was a pretty sorry show, and, while defeat is one thing, rout is another."

Perhaps one solution would be a British Commonwealth challenge, which, according to Harry Sears, might be possible without further



HURRIED YANK TESTS for *Screeper* hull, said by one source to have been crammed into 42 test hours, may have doomed the British challenger before she was even launched.

changes in the deed of gift. To date, Australian and Canadian yachtsmen have expressed interest in having a go at the "ould mug." Conceivably, South Africa, New Zealand or other members of the Empire family might produce vessels. Combined with an effort from the British Isles, a real fleet might be gathered for real competition, from which the best boat and crew might be selected. Possibly, in order to eliminate the loss of time and sharpness involved in shipping across the Atlantic, Empire trials could be held in Canadian waters or even off Newport.

Another suggestion has been a Davis Cup method of selection, confined to Europe, where an English boat might compete in eliminations against representatives of Sweden, Italy, West Germany and any other country meeting the requirements. This, perhaps, would involve an alteration in the deed of gift, but only to change the definition and responsibilities of the challenging club.

THERE have been rumors of challenges from smaller nations, including Cuba and Greece. Here again, a change in the deed of gift might be necessary, as it now requires that the yacht be "constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs." The New York Yacht Club has interpreted construction to include design, eliminating for practical purposes any nation which does not possess advanced naval architects and tank facilities. (The ruling came after reported feelers from the Lavington brothers of Australia, who might have been willing to challenge if they could have had Olin Stephens design the boat!)

Failing all these, and recognizing the possibility of future alterations in the deed of gift, the America's Cup could possibly be raced for in vessels radically different from the past and over entirely different courses. After all, the basic intent of the deed is expressed in the first paragraph after the preamble: "This cup is donated upon the condition that it shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." As nothing could be more different than the *Colo*mbia of 1958 and the *Colo*mbia which defended in 1871, the possibility of further changes should not be ruled out as contrary to the spirit of the donors.

When a revival of the series was proposed, there was a question as to



ENGLAND'S BEST prewar 12-meter, *Yonoknek*, may finally be returning to England to serve as trial horse if British challenge again. In 1958 she was cruising abroad.

the most suitable vessel to employ. Many were against boats as expensive and limited in usefulness as the 12s. Yet, in the past the America's Cup had always brought together the biggest and most expensive creatives national resources could produce, as symbols of national honor. Once designers had moved beyond the working types of the earliest contests, the emphasis was placed purely on speed. Through the years, the boats became increasingly useless as anything but racing machines, to be scrapped almost as soon as they had completed a cup campaign. There was no criticism of this waste in the era of expanding economies and low taxation.

Harry Sears fixed upon yachts of the 12-meter class as the best possible compromise under the circum-

stances. Influencing his thinking was the legal aspect of altering the deed of gift. As he said, "I was only suggesting a lowering of waterline length from a minimum of 65 feet to 44 feet, and the elimination of a single clause, the one requiring a challenger to sail rather than be shipped across the ocean. The rest of the document remained intact, its intent unchanged." Nothing was actually requested except that the vessels be scaled down from the J class to the 12-meter class; not only were the boats to be essentially similar in appearance, but the matches would be sailed in the same waters, the courses merely shortened to require approximately the same time to complete. There was a very real doubt in his mind that the courts

continued

would have consented to sweeping changes permitting an entirely different type of racing or a basically different type of boat. And, as Harry Sears also said, "there are plenty of trophies for all other kinds of sailing. There should remain an encouragement for match racing between the biggest possible boats."

In the minds of the governors of the New York Yacht Club was the fact that under existing circumstances the 12-meter class was economically feasible. There were already boats in being on both sides of the Atlantic, and the correctness of the assumption was proven by three new boats built as candidates to defend. Under different conditions, which will be discussed later, perhaps, there might have been other potential challengers constructed in the British Isles.

In place of a purely racing class, it has been proposed that vessels be built to either the Cruising Club of America or the Royal Ocean Racing Club rule. These then could be used for cruising, ocean passages and all the other delightful aspects of modern yachting, thus assuring long and useful lives. The proponents of this plan felt many boats would be built, assuring better competition and a truer test of rival naval architects, construction, sails, equipment and crews. Open ocean courses have also been suggested, even those involving transatlantic passages.

Others have advocated vessels falling between the racing machines and the ocean cruisers, yachts of the new cruiser-racer class, which in theory combine many of the virtues of both types—heavier construction, more seaworthy design, better living accommodations, less extreme rig, yet remain lively and maneuverable.

Asked to express an opinion from a naval architect's viewpoint, Olm Stephens felt that neither the CCA nor RORC rules were sufficiently definite in their provisions. "The limits are not specifically enough defined. Subjected to cup design pressures, nothing would be clear: flotation, weight and extent of interior fittings (including construction details such as tanks and mast step) and countless other items. The International Rule leaves almost no loopholes. Very few questions arose this summer, such as *Via's* bending boom, and all could be settled without serious argument or ill feeling.



RIVAL DESIGNERS David Boyd (left) and Olm Stephens pose next to the hull of *Cephalopod* just before she towed *Sceptre* in a humiliating long-race sweep last September.

Before one of the present ocean racing rules could be used, it would have to be completely rewritten."

Of the cruiser-racers, he felt them neither fish nor fowl, neither really a racing nor a cruising type, not basically different enough from racing classes to give true cruising accommodations or performance but heavier and beamier enough to be less sporty. With this opinion a majority of American yachtsmen seem to concur. Nor is this type favored by either existing CCA or RORC rules, eliminating the argument of general usefulness and continuing resale value after the cup matches.

BUT it is now clear that the 12-meter class need not be thought finished despite the "horrible anticlimax." There is a real desire in England to wipe out the stigma of defeat. In the famous "agency column" of the London *Times* recently appeared an advertisement: "*Sceptre* for sale.

America's Cup challenger 12-meter yacht *Sceptre* complete with racing sails and gear—offers exceeding £15,000 to Sceptre Syndicate, Box H1246, *The Times*, E.C. 4." The victim, having been hauled away in a tumbrel, has now reached the block. Yet none of this means that the syndicate will not try again, either forming another group or groups among themselves or with others, according to Charles Walman, a leading syndicate member who is also positive British yachtsmen will continue to challenge. "It's like the saying about Everest. Why did men want to climb it? Because it was there. Why do British yachtsmen go on trying to win the America's Cup? Because it is in New York. They'll go on trying to win it: on, and on, and on."

The competitive demise of *Sceptre* may be the fitting time to finally express admiration for those connected with the 17th challenge—the "working blokes," the nonsailing ad-



FLAGSHIP CRUISER, seen last month in New York, along with most of the other boats on this and the following pages, will be

in Chicago for the show, which opens February 6. Biggest motor launch in extensive Queensline, it sleeps six, costs \$19,995.

Boating Keeps Bounding Along

THE U.S. is well on its way into a new era—the era of the two-car, one-boat family. One out of every seven households will have a boat by the time this year's boat-buying spree is over, a spree which traditionally starts with the January boat shows. The venerable Chicago show will have most of the boats shown on these

pages, plus some more. In all, the citizens of the U.S. will spend well over \$2 billion on boating in 1959. In view of the fact that the banking industry has declared itself in on the trend (almost half of the boats bought in 1959 will be financed), the early evolution of a boat-minded economy seems certain. Other signs of the times:

architects are designing new garages with boat-parking space, communities are building public docks and launching facilities with tax money and commercial docking centers have started to build on-the-spot living quarters. Conceivably, the 1950s may become known in history as the decade of the satellite and the boatel.

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LOW-COST runabout is 11-foot Penn Yan, with marine plywood hull. Boat has back-seat steering, sells for \$299 without accessories, \$421 with seats, windshield, hardware and lights.



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"Haumph. There ought to be a law . . ."

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OPEN - STYLE Penn Yan YB has light 14-foot sheet plywood hull, round molded plywood bilges, does 32 mph with a 30-hp outboard, can be fitted with a windshield, front steering and backrests, is excellent boat for water sliders. Price: \$199.



CONVERTIBLE - LIKE Duratech Sealine Deluxe has 14-foot aluminum hull that can be driven up to 35 mph by 40-hp engine, separated motor well, double cockpits. The canvas overhead is put up or taken down as needed. Price without top: \$675.

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"There is the pleasant cuzzing of making the wind"

In Defense of Buying Boats

**In every man, the author holds,
there is inevitably a deep and
sensible urge to own a boat**

by **RUSSELL HOBAN**

Illustrations by the author

MANY things change, and our lives grow each day more complicated, but some things never change. A child of 5, looking for sand crabs and starfish at low water, works his toes into the wet sand and bends over his little black hunting shadow in an attitude that is timeless, and when a full-grown and city-bred man, pale and desk-ridden, takes off his shoes and walks with the child, his shambling gesture repeats, unavistically, that of the child.

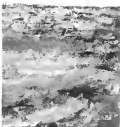
Life began in the sea, and the neap tides and the spring tides run within us whether we know it or not, and on that inner tide in all of us rocks gently at her mooring the boat that we will own, now or later, soon or some day. The idea of the boat comes to a man inevitably, and usually endures for the rest of his life. It is a fantasy that persists even when it recedes into the heart of the labyrinth that is our daily life, so that even when we have carefully developed the financial and mechanical symbiosis between self and jobs, mortgages, home appliances and automobiles, it is there in its simplicity, at the center.

My first attempt to realize the sailboat fantasy was in 1947, and my

ownership was partial, ignorant and brief. It was a small, nondescript lapstrake sailboat and the asking price was \$150. With very little hesitation a friend and I put down a \$30 deposit and prepared for our first sail. The seams were open from three seasons on the beach and the rigging was rotten, but we soaked the boat in the water for a few hours to tighten her up. Having spent years at an imaginary tiller while reading nautical books (whence all my detailed knowledge of water soaking), I looked confidently at the whitecaps and the gray aquall coming out of the northwest, leaped in and shoved off. "Listen, Ernie," I said, "you handle the jib and I'll steer. Just watch the boom when I come about."

The boat, now about a hundred yards offshore, had six inches of water in the bilge, which became seven, then eight, and she sailed a little sluggishly, I thought.

"Ready about!" I shouted, as the boom rapped me smartly on the head and the boat heeled like a felled ox. "Trim ship, Ernie," I snapped, and abandoned the tiller to trim ship also, for the boat lay on her side with the sail in the water. By standing on the centerboard and heaving, we righted her and had the keen sensation of sailing again for about 40 seconds in a boat full of water, which increased her stability, so that instead of heeling sharply she rolled over gently as the next gust split the sail. So we swam toward the beach towing the boat



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until a motor cruiser took our painter and removed our embarrassment from the local yachting scene.

Later, while we sat on the sand arguing with our wives, a little sailboat came running in. I think it was a Snipe. The jib was down, and the man at the tiller smoked his pipe in a monumentally offhand manner as the boat flew toward the dock. Scarcely looking, he put the tiller down, rounded up into the wind an inch from the dock, stepped off to fend off the boat, dropped the mainsail, and tied up. It was all easy beyond words. It made me feel sad and humble to watch him, and we paid the damage and went home boatless.

The image of this smart sailor, relentlessly sharp in my memory, kept me humble for more than 10 years, the humility fading as it was replaced by overweight and the shortness of breath and money that characterize the commuting wage-earner and home owner, the father of three children and the provider for creditors full of faith.

I continued to reread Slocum every year, and in this recent summer of 1958 I again thought a boat, sensibly and permanently. Some may argue the use of the word sensibly, for I thought it at the time when business was at its worst, since I had started free-lancing and had given up the security of a job and a regular income. There was very little money in the bank, nothing on the way and no definite prospects. I had been reconciled to the fact that I could not buy a boat this season, and a little resentful of having paid the price of a small boat 10 times over during the last

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These things belong to sport
and to the readers of

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ON BUYING BOATS *continued*

three years in home improvements. "It's all right," I told my wife, "I'll just go look at the catboat in this ad here in *The Norfolk Hear* and see what he wants for it, and maybe, if that big campaign comes through with the full color double-page spreads, we'll buy it. Of course, we'll talk it over first. Naturally."

And with that I drove to the gas station, where the boat sat on its trailer. It was a 12-foot mahogany-planked cat of the Beetle class, built in Germany by Abeking and Rasmussen. Every piece of wood was beautifully joined and fitted, and instead of the straight oak tiller in the American Beetles, there was a beautifully curved piece of springy locust. The price included the almost-new Dacron sail, cockpit cover, mushroom anchor and mooring buoy, and a three-horsepower outboard motor. She was newly painted and as smooth as glass. She was, I need not tell you, an exceptional buy.

I thought, the boat is only 12 feet

long. How can it look so big? And then I realized that to me good boats look big because they are shaped for the sea. I touched the tiller and ran my hand over the cockpit coaming, and I knew I was pale and my forehead felt clammy, and I said, "She's a beautiful boat. I'll buy her." It was the only sensible thing to do, and I have not regretted it.

How do we define common sense? To stay out of the rain? To save our money and pay our bills? To look before we leap? I submit that there is a deeper common sense that has no justification except that it keeps us alive and knowing that we are alive. Nowadays, when a man feels very good, he is apt to use an expression that I do not remember hearing as a child; he will say, "I'm really living," which would indicate that there are times when he is less than certain of this vital fact. People used to say that they were living in a great big way, or in style, but never that they were simply *living*. Now it is a little harder to know that we are alive and that life is to be lived, and harder too to know

"Looking for crabs and starfish [the boy] works his toes into the wet sand."



who we are and just what we are.

A small sailboat is only a little faster, with sufficient wind, than an ocean, and this is a time of jet planes and rockets. The jet planes and the rockets are part of us when we think of what we are and what we can do. We can fly faster than sound; we can smash cities and leap into space. We are immense and worried, and the world is little and life is just one thing after another in a big hurry. But this is a collective fever and a delusion, and there is a remedy for it. In the sea you can find the remedy.

A man in a boat regains his sense of scale, knows how big the sea is, and he remembers who and what he is.

In a boat, we become whole again, and the flying fragments of our lives that whirl about us daily become concentrated in us. All of us is here in the boat, the wind is from the southwest and freshening, the tide is high and the current is running from east to west, and we account for the leeway as we pay off from the mooring and beat up the entrance channel, tacking toward Ram Island, where we shall have a picnic and a swim and look for shells and starfish with the children, and there is more of the world and life than there ever was before.

There is the pleasant cunning of making the wind take us where we want to go, and there are charts to read, with their soundings and buoys and markers, and the tide tables, and the tidal current tables, and the tidal current charts, and knots and splices to learn. The children duck their heads without being told now when the boom swings around, and they identify the buoys with pride. We sniff the wind and watch the weather, pick our way through the islands with a map in the cockpit and essay the rougher weather sometimes when the thunderheads stand over Westport and the wind is at 15 mph. The waves where the bottom shoals suddenly between Chimoon and Ram islands (when the tidal current is at maximum strength) look very big from a little boat in the sea.

We run back before the wind, put the tiller down and round up the mooring buoy as smartly as did the smart sailor of 10 years ago. And at night we walk outside and feel the breeze and look at the moon and know that it is a spring tide or a neap tide, and the tide inside us is the same, and, rocking gently at her mooring, is the boat, the boat that is really OUTS, and now.

END

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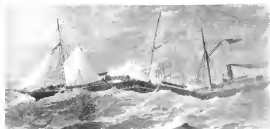
Strange Ships from Yesterday

IF MAN has failed to conquer the sea around him it is not because he has lacked imagination, as the exotic boats on these pages attest. Each was built during the 19th century, an era when the mechanical mind boiled with schemes to harness steam energy. Some succeeded. The *Lira-*

din, modeled after the *Admiral Poppe* (below, right), served for 46 years. Others were not as lucky. But, lest there be memories of Edward Lear's delightful jumbles, who went to sea in a sieve, let it be noted that modern boating benefited measurably from developments shown here.



STEAM CANOE "NINA," advertised in 1879 as the world's smallest steamboat, cost \$250, was 14 feet long and 28 inches wide. Steered by pedals, it burned fine coal.



THE "CONNECTOR," jointed steamship designed to detach and pick up sections on freight-train principle, was developed in 1863. It was never heard of after first trial runs.



CIGAR STEAMER, invented by brilliant Ross Winans in 1838, was driven by giant wheel at midships. Complex machinery broke down but hull foretold modern liner.



TWIN-HULLED *Catfish*, dreadfully slow but largest of kind ever built, carried 1,000.



SUSPENDED SALDOM, by Bessemer of converter fame, rocked badly on only trip.



FLAT-BOTTOMED Admiral *Pogon*, built in Russia in 1875, received the *Liaison*.



HEMI-PLUNGER of 1877 was combination submarine and raft, supposedly stable.

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STRANGE SHIPS continued



WHIRLBACK STEAMER, sensation of 1892 World's Columbian Exposition, looked like submarine with liner superimposed. Similar Great Lakes ships served as freighters.



MARINE TRAIN invented for travel on canals and rivers by Dutch Engineer M. A. Hout in 1878, used cylinders with 12 paddle wheels, was propelled by locomotive.



WATER VELOCIPED was the invention of a Belgian mechanic in 1888. The ingenious contraption fortunately was barred by police from planned crossing of the Atlantic.

visers and members of the syndicate—for their conduct in an appallingly difficult situation. Never once was there any alibiing or attempting to shift the blame—all triumphed as individuals by displaying the truest qualities of sportsmanship. Had any ill feeling developed, the cup might have died with *Sceptre*. As it is, there is every hope for the future.

Word has arrived from England that *Tomahawk* has been repurchased and will return to the Solent. *The New York Times* last week reported Owen Aisher saying a new challenge "is expected to be announced by the end of this month." Aisher was owner of *Eraine*, *Sceptre's* trial horse, which had the embarrassing habit of getting in front and staying there in early practice sessions. He advocated building at least three new 12s: "The idea is then to send two boats to America and choose the better of the two in the last week, as the Americans choose their defender." Aisher forecast the date as 1961, which rumor had already accepted as a possibility.

Commodore W. A. W. Stewart, the chairman of the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club, had previously admitted "numerous inquiries" were before his group, and that "negotiations had reached the point where a challenge seemed definitely assured" within a few years. Correspondence preliminary to a challenge has traditionally been shrouded in deepest secrecy, and for understandable reasons. While the committee would release nothing for publication, there were, as mentioned, even whispers that while other countries recognized the prior rights of the British, feelers had been put forth by nations which had never previously challenged. Asked about Owen Aisher's statement, Commodore Stewart admitted surprise, as it went "beyond anything that had been definitely discussed with the Royal Yacht Squadron." Aisher, incidentally and perhaps significantly, is not a member of that august group.

The human element must not be neglected in any consideration of a future challenge. Producing the winning combination of boat, sails and crew is a matter of long, hard work. *Columbo's* ultimate success lay in hour-by-hour perfecting of the "little things" over a period of months. Harry Sears, 47, and Briggs Cunningham, 52, have intimated they would like to see *Columbia* in "younger hands,"

continued

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WHITHER THE CUP? continued

and it is difficult to conceive Olin and Rod Stephens, Colin Ratsey and others devoting full time for the requisite all-out effort again in the near future. Others, of course, will come along, but for a number of reasons, including financial, a lapse between cup matches must be anticipated. Colman will remain mothballed next summer, afloat but not sailing, "to see what develops," in the words of Harry Sears. Models of *Weaverly*, on the other hand, are being retested in the towing tank of Stevens Institute right now, with an eye to improving her performance through retesting of the keel and other hull modifications.

THERE are those who feel the cup should never be raced for by lesser vessels, but should be put out of competition in memory of a vanished era. Harold Vanderbilt felt "bigness" was such an important part of the tradition he opposed alteration of the deed of gift two years ago, and doubtless he would be joined by others if a further scaling downward from the majestic *Ja* were suggested.

Personally, I am a proponent of the 12s. Small enough to be feasible in present economic circumstances, they are still large and powerful enough to be impressive symbols of international yachting supremacy. As prewar vessels still active prove, they have long and useful lives, yet offer the ultimate in sheer speed and joy of handling. May the present crop—and additions through future challenges—continue to furnish fine racing for many summers to come.

Yet I equally believe the cup and all it represents should go on, even if further alterations must be made in the deed of gift. Having survived wars, depressions, arguments and economic decline, the cup remains the outstanding trophy in sport. I feel competition for it should be limited to match racing between vessels sailing without time allowances, over reasonably sheltered courses, so the emphasis may be placed purely on speed. Challenger and defender should continue to be the largest yachts rival purses can produce. Even if eventually through taxation the vessels were to become dinghies, and fig leaves *de rigueur* as a uniform, the spirit would remain the same. The cup has come to represent an intangible, one of those things that must not be allowed to die.

END

19TH HOLE The readers take over

I MARRIED A COACH . . .

Sirs:

Whatever else the Reverend Theodore Hushburgh may have accomplished by his explanation of the firing of Coach Terry Brennan (81, Jan. 19), he can certainly take credit for starting a new semantic fad.

Now it's Dal Ward of Colorado, fired not because of a poor record (heaven forbid!) but because he didn't provide "inspirational leadership." What a lovely, high-sounding phrase!

Ward's case is like many another—the men who liven upon a coach while he's winning and call him a great leader of men (they said that about Ward) back-track and run for cover the moment their opinion is challenged. Ward didn't give inspirational leadership? For years his teams have been the only ones in the Big Eight to look as if they belonged on the same field with mighty Oklahoma. Ward got his inferior material "up." That's inspirational leadership. But it doesn't seem to carry any coach through a full season.

I am married to a coach, and these men and all their ilk may have my public apology the day I read of a coach being fired after a highly successful season.

Please withhold my name and city. I freely admit the reason. Why should I be braver than the gallant men who ran our institutions of higher learning?

Name withheld

Address withheld

BULLFIGHTING: OLÉ!

Sirs:

Two ears and tail for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. You did it again, another magnificent bullfight article (*Huel a Torero de España* of 81, Jan. 26).

It is too bad that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was not around when Manolito was alive.

DAVID A. LAMENDO

Manchester, Conn.

Sirs:

The great thing about Mr. Tynan is his ability to comment very correctly on the *corridos* and its members.

Now for the matador in question. I suppose that Antonio Ordóñez would be considered the *torero de época* at this time. Certainly there are no Mexicans or South Americans who can dispute the title with him, not are there any Spaniards. But I am not fully convinced of Ordóñez myself. The two great huddlers he has for me are his fits of apathy, against both bulls and public, and his ferber and hotless attempts with the sword. Another thing is his lack of decision in the ring. I've seen him "walk through" more *corridos* than any other matador, including Luis Miguel Dominguín. In fact I've seen him so bad and undecided that I was ready to quit going to bullfights. He was

confused

BULLFIGHTING: BLASHILL'S RATINGS

Sirs:

I applaud Kenneth Tynan's *Huel a Torero de España* (81, Jan. 26). Both bullfighting and its aficionados are fortunate that so many men of great literary talent have been drawn to (and inspired by) the measured spectacle of bull, torero and crowd, but I have a beef: There appear to be altogether too many *aficionados* nose in bullfighting. Both Dominguín and Girón lay claim to that distinction, and it would appear that Mr. Tynan covets it for Antonio Ordóñez.

Boston

JOHN LYONS

●John Blashill, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Madrid correspondent, has devised a rating system for 32 toreros based on the number of *corridos* fought (10 or more to be considered) and the number of ears cut. Of the 32 men who qualify on this pragmatic scale Antonio Ordóñez ties for the distinction of *aficionado pro* with Curro Girón. Blashill

concedes that his system does not entirely take into account the qualities of art, command over the bulls, valor and ability to kill which many aficionados feel are definitive. But he adds: "These rankings can hardly be an attempt to settle the confusion but may bring it somewhat into focus. Their purpose . . . is to indicate which matadors have been most successful during the season and which have most pleased the public—not only the aficionado and critic, but also the masses who sit in *col* and want action." The first three columns list total number of *corridos* fought, total number of ears cut and the average of ears per *corrido*. The next three indicate where the matador finished in relation to his rivals in these departments. The final column determines his 1958 standing by adding up his placement points.—ED.

TOTALS

STANDINGS

MATADOR	CORRIDOS	EARS	AVG.	CORRIDOS	EARS	AVG.	PTS.
ANTONIO ORDÓÑEZ	77	112	1.452	3	5	4	8
CURRO GIRÓN	57	105	1.860	4	2	2	8
LUIS MIGUEL DOMINGUÍN	44	82	1.862	6	4	5	11
GREGORIO SÁNCHEZ	37	94	1.990	1	3	10	14
ABELARDO VÉRGARA	31	59	1.258	10	7	8	23
CÉSAR GIRÓN	35	39	1.114	8	7	8	24
JAIME DÍEZ	34	55	1.013	5	8	16	25
CHAMACO	79	68	708	2	5	28	27
LUIS SEGURA	32	34	1.083	5	10	12	31
JULIO APARICIO	43	38	884	3	5	16	32
PACORRO	24	27	1.125	15	15	8	34
JOAQUÍN BERNARDO	20	23	821	11	12	10	42
SOLANITO	22	23	1.043	17	12	12	42
PAOLO LOZANO	18	21	1.187	20	15	7	42
MIGUELÍN	13	23	1.780	20	12	2	43
MANUEL REGURA	15	19	1.287	25	18	5	49
MARCOS DE CELIS	20	17	850	10	17	18	54
VICTORIANO VALENCIA	14	15	1.071	27	18	11	58
RAFAEL ORTEGA	20	14	838	13	10	25	57
CARLOS SALDANA	18	14	876	23	19	17	59
FERNÁN MURILLO	25	11	640	14	12	27	63
CARLOS CORRALES	13	12	1.000	28	21	15	64
PEPE CACERES	21	5	425	19	23	28	65
TRIADERO	15	9	809	25	22	22	78
JUAN ANTONIO ROMERO	16	9	363	23	23	24	78
JUAN BIENVENIDA	13	8	892	28	23	21	72
MARCO VAZQUEZ	27	8	322	12	10	31	73
ANTONIO BIENVENIDA	24	7	252	18	28	30	73
ANTONETE	18	9	444	20	27	26	73
RAFAEL GIRÓN	12	7	593	22	28	23	83
CINQUELO	17	0	890	22	12	37	86
GUILLERMO GARVAJAL	13	5	345	28	11	29	88



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18TH HOLE *continued*

not punctilious, either toward himself or to the public. *Phaedrus*, as the Spaniards say, was lacking. I had the good fortune of being present at the first *Feria de Guadalupe* at Mexico City in December of 1934, where Ordóñez performed his wonderful *fases* on Casabel of San Mateo. That certainly was a great afternoon for himself, and I recall that he attempted to kill *rechabes* before he finally sunk in a half thrust in the withers. I, too, believe this was the turning point in his career.

ANTHONY H. BRAND

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

In a magazine notable for the extraordinary levity of its writing quality, Tynan's piece shines brightly.

I have been a hufflight fan for many years and have read almost everything printed in English on the subject. Tynan is certainly the most literate and knowledgeable writer I have seen my pleasure to read. It would not surprise me if the article would result in a great many *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* readers becoming interested in this great and awesome spectacle.

Let us have more of Tynan and tauro-machy!

EDWARD M. PAPP

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

SIR:

TYNAN'S ARTICLE IS THE MOST KNOWING, PERCEPTIVE AND BEST-WRITTEN HUFFLIGHTING PIECE I'VE SEEN IN ANY AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BARNARD CONRAD

San Francisco

MEMORIES

Sirs:

Just a note to compliment Robert Roper and Tex Maule on the fine article *Her's Big H Was the Best Football Game Ever* (SI, Jan. 18). This article was one of the very best that I have read. All of the details of this great game were shown in the drawings and explained in style.

JOHN R. WEAVER

Clinton, N.Y.

Sirs:

Remember this was the first time Baltimore could be overly proud of any athletic team. The drawings and story will be looked over and read many, many times for the next nine months. This article plus Colt ashtrays, gloves and pictures will be part of every living room, club room or den in this area for quite a while.

ROBERT H. COOPER JR.

Baltimore

ACCOUNTS SQUARED

Sirs:

Mr. Ian Hamilton's letter (19TH HOLE, Jan. 19) expressing his "disgust" because you failed to select his favorite, Herb Elliott, as your Sportsman of the Year is a good example of very poor sportsmanship. I can visualize Mr. Hamilton crying that he is going to take his toys and go home.



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DON K. JOHNSON

Tigard, Ore.

FIRM RULE

Sirs:

"Glamour without girldes"? In spite of Esther Williams' lovely trim silhouette in a bathing suit (*New Look at a First Lady*, 51, Jan. 19), she's just not in the swim otherwise. If her girldes is a torture, your own reporter gave her the reason. She should check its size. If she can stuff hers into an evening purse, it must be too small!

We would be pleased to have the opportunity to prove that comfort in a girldes is the rule rather than the exception.

MARY OSBORNE

New York City

• Miss Osborne, the educational director of The Corset and Brassiere Council, should know.—ED.

SILVER LINING

Sirs:

Perhaps you might be interested in the degree of misfortune that has dogged Vanderbilt's basketball team (*BASKETBALL'S WEEK*, 51, Jan. 19):

Head Coach Bob Peck sidelined for the season after a November heart attack.

Forward Jack Pirrie sidelined for the season because of a shoulder operation.

Sophomore Center Bill Dopp out four weeks of preseason practice with a broken bone in wrist.

Sophomore Forward Larry Banks out one game and now playing with hand in leather brace due to broken bone in hand.

All-SEC Guard Jim Henry out two games already with badly sprained foot sustained in the Mississippi game.

To top it off, the team was preparing to depart from Nashville's Berry Field Jan. 16 for Georgia Tech when the plane, a DC-3, which was being checked for the charter flight, nosed over in a freakish accident, causing extensive damage to a propeller. After a delay of hours, a switch was made to Eastern Airlines and on to Atlanta. But despite mishaps the Commodores are the only team to beat Kentucky's top-ranked Wildcats to date.

EDGAR ALLEN

Nashville

TROIKA DEFINED

Sirs:

IN EVENTS & DISCOVERIES for Jan. 19 there is a little error. The three white horses which were sent to Cyrus Eaton are the troika, a troika being three horses harnessed abreast with the center horse trained to trot and the outside ones to canter. The phrase "a troika and three white horses" has been a common error in the press during the past few weeks.

ELISABETH J. MCCARTHY

Upper Darby, Pa.

• Right. A troika is the team or the sleigh (or carriage) with the team, but never the sleigh alone.—ED.

The advertisement features a central image of a Gilbey's Gin bottle and a glass of gin and tonic. The bottle is tall and slender with a label that reads "GILBEY'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN". The glass is a classic gin and tonic glass, filled with ice and a clear liquid. The background is a light color, and the brand name "Gilbey's Gin" is repeated vertically in large, bold, serif letters on either side of the central image. The text "...the gin favorite of all the world!" is written in a smaller, bold, serif font below the brand name.

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Pat on the Back

Lee Holloman



MURIEL DAVIS

'A challenge to perfection'

The U.S. is not gymnastics-minded. The loss is ours. Gymnasts are as graceful as divers and as disciplined as four-minute milers. It is furthermore a sport in which girls show off to advantage. One of the best is Muriel Davis of Indianapolis, shown clutching the two first-place medals she won in the recent Midwest Gymnastics Championships.

Since childhood Muriel has been interested in sports as a means of achieving a sense of physical freedom and well-being. She tried all sports

open to a girl, discovered gymnastics when she took a course in tumbling as a ballet student. "It is a sport of infinite variety," says Muriel, "a challenge to perfection. The thrill comes in the beginning when you don't know whether you are going to make it. When you have mastered a difficult routine you want to jump up and down." Muriel can afford to jump; she will be a bright star in the 1960 Olympics and RKO has signed her (as an ingénue, not as a gymnast) to a seven-year movie-TV contract.

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